

Grail

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NOVEMBER 1951 • 25¢

NO MAN IS AN ISLAND

ONE of the worst spiritual injuries inflicted by the Protestant Reformers of the sixteenth century was the denial of the truth of the Communion of Saints. In its place the so-called Reformers fostered the gloomy and dismal idea that salvation is a man's own affair and no one else's.

But once the Christian is caught up in the life-stream of the communion of saints, he knows that he can never again lead his own private life; he knows with a feeling of awe that whatever he does either good or evil sets off a chain reaction in the communion of saints like a tiny atomic explosion.

At first only faintly the devout Christian begins to realize how the fervor of the Church Militant, the relief of the Church Suffering, and the glory of the Church Triumphant in heaven depends on his own spiritual aliveness and vitality.

He cannot rise in the cold of a winter's morning, half-drunk with sleep, and hurry off to Mass without affecting vitally every member of the communion of saints. Nor can he lapse from grace by mortal sin without injecting the virus of his selfishness into the struggling members of Christ's mystical body.

As Christians we are like members of a mountain climbing party, roped so intimately to one another that every secure foothold strengthens the position of the others in the group, and every slip or careless stumble endangers the whole expedition.

A man's life is never his own affair, but the affair of everyone in the community to which he belongs, and as a member of the Communion of Saints it is the affair of every soul on earth, in purgatory, and in heaven.

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

the GRAIL

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PARENTHOOD

planned and unplanned

By IRENE SCOTT

RECENTLY newspapers have featured pictures of big families and mothers with "teenth" babies. Many of the captions and "recorded" conversations have bordered on the sensational. The Sunday edition of a large daily

ran a photo of a mother and her twenty-first infant on the front page with a comment that the father was out of work and that the mother admitted twenty-one babies was going a bit too far.

All this is excellent fronting

for the Planned Parenthood Groups, Inc., as long as they can get away with it. But I think it's time they were met on their own barren grounds. And for the present, I'll not mention God's commandments but I'll instead discuss only the material side, "the practical angle," as they call it.

The family man is still the best job risk. Everything else being equal, he'll get the job over his childless competitor. Sentiment doesn't enter the picture. The employer knows that the man with dependents is more steady and more careful. These qualities increase in proportion with the size of the family. And a man with several children isn't going to have a wife who can afford to leave home to pad or replace his pay check. The family man is the breadwinner, and as such takes more pride in his work.

His children have more opportunities to work, too. Yard boys, paper boys, errand boys, and odd-job boys are recruited from the large family. They need the money. Besides, they know how to work and how to get along with people, having had experience with both factors in their own homes. And when it comes to that bonanza known as baby sitting, do mothers seek out the only child, who perhaps regards baby care in the same class as a wet-

ting-walking-talking doll? You know the ones mothers hire.

When the neighbor's closets begin to bulge with outgrown or outmoded clothes, they often dump them all on the big family down the street. Call it a superiority complex or what you choose, the fact remains that many a large family is better clothed on hand-me-downs than the small family that has to buy all its own clothing.

There's something else I've always wondered about. It can cost more to keep from having a family than it does to go along and welcome what God (oh, excuse me! I wasn't going to talk about God, was I?) sends us. The Bureau of Internal Revenue hints that the "planned parenthood" movement is costly. The Bureau lists as literary and educational all donations to the National Committee for Planned Parenthood and to the Birth Control Federation of America, Inc., and includes them among tax-deductibles. You cannot, however, deduct any gifts to volunteer fire companies, to leagues for peace, to needy relatives and friends, or to the Knights of Columbus.

Even so, children are the best income-tax-deductibles any person can have. There comes a day in every man's year when he wishes he'd fathered a whole schoolful of kids.

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So far, I've given the almighty dollar the same place as the no-family promoters do—first. But while money is convenient, it isn't everything. And those who have the most are often the first to admit that it can't buy time, love, happiness, security, or anything worth-while.

Take time, for instance. It is one of the best refutations of all family planning. A mother of twelve children was asked by a childless neighbor, "How in the world do you find time to care for so many children?" The mother replied coolly, "When I had one child, he took all my time. What more can twelve do?"

Everyone has gone through an experience with someone's spoiled, over-indulged one-and-only, and repeated in exasperation: "What that kid needs is half a dozen brothers and sisters." One reason why people are so selfish is that they were given too much attention as children.

I have heard many a woman declare that her husband was jealous of the love she gave her child. Although such a thing seems almost incredible to me, where such a condition does exist, it must be that father came from a small family, the mother from a small family, and together they still have too small a family. Love cannot be confined. It embraces

the entire family, just as a mother hen spreads her wings over her brood. And whoever approved of a hen wasting her spread on one or two chicks? There's always room in the heart for one more.

Among my acquaintances are many Catholics, some with very limited families, and some with no children at all. I personally believe that they, as Catholics, should adopt children. They are otherwise often a bad influence on other couples. I'm thinking of a young friend of mine who counted every couple in his parish with less than two children. He uses this list in his no-more-children arguments with his pretty young wife, who has just given birth to her fourth daughter. She retaliates: "All right, dear, you say they're just as good Catholics as we are. Maybe so. But you're doing your counting here. I'll do mine in heaven."

Children in large families always have more fun. They are a delight to teachers, too, because they know how to play games and get along better on the grounds or in the classrooms. Really, the material things are overrated in this commercialized era. If love could be sold over the counter in packages or bottles, our so-called standards of living would be reshuffled.

I overheard a Canasta player tell her partner that a certain

woman with a large family was "just plain lazy." She had the children so well trained that she seemingly just sat around and gave orders. And, according to the informant, when an anniversary or holiday came around, the children pooled their resources, and gave her something extra-special—"way beyond their means." But I could tell, by the way she talked, that she really envied the "lazy" mother and her large family.

Even in this progressive, atomic age, when many females are howling about women's rights, and males are howling even louder about women entering into their competitive fields, it remains true that no man has ever been put on a delivery table. And to think that the only role exclusively feminine is shunned by women for secondary careers!

Deep down inside, most childless couples wish they had children. And some even envy their more fortunate neighbors. Many childless people just lack the nerve to have a family. They lavish their all on a dog instead. And while some dogs may be almost as human as their masters, dogs still can't give us grandchildren.

I suppose I should mention the health angle. Child-bearing is more healthful than non-child-bearing. Many "delicate" women

have been advised by their physicians to have a child. And the ones who really can't have children often adopt some.

A much publicized urologist, Dr. Reed M. Nesbit, says that childless unions are the fault of the men about forty per cent of the time. He gives as one of his reasons "occupational fatigue of the tired businessman." That may be. But occupational fatigue is less common among family men, who come home from work to a houseful of energetic, playful children.

If we don't have children, where is our next generation of consumers to come from? Or the soldiers who must be born to defend us in national crises? Of course, there's the old bromide: "What will the neighbors or Cousin Clare say, if you have a baby?" But the mother of Pius XII risked being talked about in this way. Can't you see the Mrs. Grundys of her day clicking their tongues over her "condition"? Human nature hasn't changed much. And what a loss to us and to the whole world, had the mother of Pius XII listened to their gossip.

When all is said and done, we can't take this world's goods with us. How much more the Catholic has to look forward to, if he will just let God continue to give life, as well as to take it away.

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Lad of Courage

Johnny Kucera exemplifies the spirit of the physically handicapped. That they are a great potential for the mobilization program, is the theme for the President's Committee on *National Employ the Physically Handicapped Week*.

Can a lad so badly crippled by arthritis that he is able to move only his shoulders, one elbow, and a few of his fingers, earn a livelihood for himself?

Well, there's Johnny Kucera, Jr., 27, of Salem, Oreg., who operates Johnny's Shell Art Studio, a one-man business enterprise that he conceived, developed, and now carries on while lying flat on his back.

From Johnny's bedroom workshop come myrtlewood plaques and brooches, sea-shell decorated jewel boxes, whatnot sets, butterfly brooches, and other items which he designs and executes with excellent craftsmanship. When he isn't busy in his workshop, he earns a little money as a notary public.

Johnny was 7 years old when a young classmate jumped on his back, knocking him off the school porch and fracturing his leg above the knee.

Sometime later, he developed rheumatism in the injured leg and began the first of his many trips to hospitals. Shortly thereafter, a specialist in Sioux Falls, S. Dak., told him that he had arthritis, and put him in a cast from his toes to above his hips.

When the cast was removed, Johnny's joints were so stiff and sore that every movement was excruciatingly painful. Further treatment eased the pain to the extent that he could get around with crutches and braces. Three years later, the disease began spreading to his upper body. He spent the next two years in a hospital trying to combat the spread of the disease.

During that time he completed a course in commercial art and turned out numerous oil paintings and drawings. A tutor helped him further his education, as he had had only four years of regular school.

In 1942, he entered a Portland, Oreg., hospital to see whether anything further could be done for him. After a year and a half there, he returned home able to spend a few hours of each day in a walker. At the present time, all of his joints, except his shoulders, one elbow and a few of his fingers, are rigid.

He recently had a specially constructed table built above his bed and is learning to type. His finger joints are stiff, but he doesn't complain about that—or about anything else. Johnny Kucera is a lad of courage.

BY HAZEL M. McGINNIS

Operation BUDGET

■ John thought the budget was a good idea until he saw what it was doing to his wife

MY PROFESSOR HUSBAND was wearing his how-could-this-happen-to-me expression when he looked up from the checkbook stubs he'd been pouring over all evening.

"It just doesn't balance," he said finally, his usually kind features flushed, with no sign of a smile in his calm blue eyes.

"I know," I said offhandedly. "We probably didn't put enough money in last month."

I guess I was trying to be cute, but it didn't strike John's mood that way.

"Darling, you've got to realize that this can't go on." His voice was all seriousness, and I was suddenly sorry about my remarks, which now seemed as offhandish as an empty glove. "With three

growing children, and my salary at a standstill, we've got to make some sense out of this money thing. Why, we're sliding downhill instead of even holding our own."

"Well, maybe you ought to try tussling with the money for a while," I said huffily. I wasn't mad exactly, but John didn't have to act as though I was throwing the money away. It just—well, went. I was rocked, though, at his next words.

"Maybe it would be a good idea. At least I'd be able to keep this thing straight." He was brandishing the checkbook as though it were a club. "There's just one thing to do. We'll make a list of our monthly expenses, and then cut out everything that isn't vital.

Then, what's left can be divided into the food budget and incidental expenses, and a small reserve, no matter how little, will go into a savings account."

"O.K., miracle man. I'm game. When do I go on the dole?"

John looked so hurt, I immediately dissolved into a pulp of emotional jelly. "Oh, darling," I cried running to him and ruffling his hair. "I'm sorry, really. I guess I should have tried to do better. Maybe if you set the figures all down in their proper place, they'll stay put. Only . . ."

"Only what?" John asked, straightening his ruffled hair.

"Only nothing," I answered, suddenly afraid, for the first time in our five years of marriage, to tell my husband the news the doctor had confirmed this morning. If the money couldn't be stretched to cover three children and two adults, how in the world could it be stretched to include another baby. "Poor little nubbin," I confided to my inner self, "I'll have to keep you under wraps until we lick this ol' debbil budget."

John worked steadily on the budget all that evening and the next, and finally called me over to see the impressive chart.

I looked at the row of neat figures that added up to solvency for my family. They looked like the same figures I'd been fighting for years, and I didn't quite

know how John was going to make them holler uncle, but I was game.

"The leak," John said solemnly, tapping an accusing finger at the batches of cancelled checks, "has been in our food expenses, and our own social activities. We'll have to live simpler—simpler food, simpler activities. Oh, Celia, would you like to try to make it work?"

I looked at the hope in his eyes, and suddenly knew that I'd keep the budget or bust. "I'll try, honey. Honor bright."

So we started on our project to enjoy the simpler things of life. But I somehow hit a snag on our first simple social outing. It was to be a Sunday picnic in the mountains. I decided to have sandwiches and save on the Sunday roast, but by the time I had gotten through buying several relishes and paper plates, plus a big thermos bottle for cold drinks, I found I'd gone beyond my grocery budget, and how. Well, at least we would still have the thermos jug for future outings.

Once started on the outing, though, we found it fun. John took the children hiking, and I stayed behind with little Mike to tidy up our picnic spot. John apparently hadn't noticed the dent which the two dollars for gas had made in our budget, and I didn't want to call it to his attention.

When the girls came back with

their father, he stretched himself out on a carpet of pine needles. "This is the life," he murmured contentedly. "It feels grand, setting out into the open after being cooped up teaching in a classroom all week. And to think, this is all for free."

"Well, comparatively speaking," I commented to myself. While he was wrapped up in his delusion, I thought I'd better tell him about his future income tax saving, but just then Mike tumbled down a little slope and set up a resounding howl because of the scratches on his fat little knees.

"Now is that any way for a little man to act?" his father said fondly, as he cuddled Mike.

Little man or not, Mike thought it an excellent manner of acting, and John sighed.

"Guess Mike thinks it about time to roll home," he said, walking towards the car.

It took quite a bit of doing to get all the stuff back in the car and fit the children in somewhere. I felt as though I'd taken a beating when I finally sank into my seat.

John blithely started to maneuver the car around on the narrow mountain road, and one back wheel slipped over the edge. My heart jumped into my throat and stayed there, cutting off all speech—but not action. I flew out of the car, pulled my cherubs out

after me, and glared with John at the extent of the damage.

"Maybe we'd better call a tow truck," I said at last.

"There you go, honey. Why spend money for a tow truck? I'll get a nice pine log and jack up the wheel, and we'll be on our way in no time."

It was a little while, and two rescues of Mike later, before John showed up, carting a well-shaped log. "This'll do it," he said, standing still for a moment and scratching his neck. "Now, when I say the words, you slip into the car, set it in gear, and step on the gas."

Letting the girls take over Mike's challenges, I waited for my husband's instructions.

"O.K." he shouted. "Now!"

With a quick thrust I shifted, but something went wrong with my co-ordination or something, and the wheels lost traction for a moment, and over the car turned. John was instantly at the door giving me assistance, the two girls clambering over him. Utterly distraught he searched me for broken bones, and then straightened.

"Thank heavens," he breathed. "You're all right."

"But the car," I wailed. "What'll we do now?"

I felt an impatient tug at my skirt.

"Mamma," Marydell said, "Where's Mike?"

I don't think I've ever felt so cold in my life as I did when I turned to find Mike, and he wasn't there.

"Mike!" I screamed in a panic. "Mike!" I started to run up the road, John right at my heels. He caught me and stopped me short.

"Celia, honey, stop that. He's right here somewhere. It's only been a minute. We'll find him."

For a moment I looked at this man—this unfeeling fiend who was my husband, and if a log had been handy, I really think I would have wielded it. But just then Marydell gave a shout, and came down the road, dragging a very indignant Mike after her. As I hugged my little son to me, I forgave his father everything, even including the three-hour wait in the gathering dusk for the tow truck.

As we drove home, my mind was a confusion of ideas. This outdoor picnic had been my idea, true, but the whole budget idea had been John's, and now look—we were at least twenty dollars off the budget. I was haunted by the thought.

I thought John might make some comment on the day's fiasco, but he was very thoughtful and helped me get the tired, cross family to bed. I wanted a little extra attention myself and was tempted to tell John the news, but today had been so hectic I

didn't want to add further fuel to his worries.

John tossed and tumbled—and scratched himself all night. I found I couldn't sleep, and you know how it is when you stay awake in the dark. All sorts of doubts beat at your lowered emotional resistance. I did so want to be a good wife to John, but it seemed as though no matter what I did it was the wrong thing to do. At last I fell asleep and of course overslept, so that John had only twenty minutes to get to his first class.

When I got a good look at him in the light I gasped.

"John! What's the matter with your face?"

He ran to the mirror and checked, then turned to me in disbelief. "Poison ivy." He all but spit out the words. "Me, a teacher of biology and botany, and I walk into a pile of poison ivy. Well, I can't go to school looking like this."

I felt really sorry for John, particularly since I knew that even though his pay would go on, he would have to shell out for a substitute teacher. And then I got a really brilliant idea.

"Oh, John, as long as you have to be home, why don't we go ahead and paint the living and dining room right now ourselves, instead of waiting until fall and

getting a painter to do it? That way we'll have the place all slicked up before your folks visit us. What I mean is—well, if you have to pay the substitute seven dollars a day, and get nine yourself, and a painter would cost at least eighteen dollars a day, we'd really be nine times two plus four, or twenty-two dollars ahead."

John looked a little dazzled at my arithmetic, and then grinned.

"Maybe you got a point there, chick. Well, I guess a budget should make a little leeway to accomodate a propitious occasion."

I wondered if having a baby could be considered a propitious occasion, but decided to do this thing step by step.

So the next morning we started to paint the front room. The girls promised to keep an eye on Mike in the playroom, and I had newspapers all over the carpet in strategic places, and had thought to borrow the Smiths' ladders. I was beginning to take pride in my own performance as a contributor to budget savings.

John and I did a certain amount of cleanup work first with two cans of turpentine, and then John was ready for the big take-off—which he did within two minutes after climbing up to the top of the rickety borrowed ladder. The ladder swayed uncertainly, but there was nothing uncertain about the way John hit the floor. The

pail of turquoise paint flew unerringly onto the soft frieze of our burgundy-colored davenport. I dashed to John's rescue, almost methodically splashing through every puddle of turquoise paint that twinkled on the floor.

John wasn't hurt, but he wailed when he saw the couch.

"Quick. Let's get the turpentine and get what we can off the frieze before it's too late."

Only, I couldn't find my can of turpentine. Suddenly Marydell came screaming into the room.

"Mamma! Daddy! Come here. Mike's all over sick."

That Mike was all over something was soon apparent from his screams. It didn't take a mastermind to tell what had happened. The girls had come running from the playroom at the loud crash, and Mike, of course, had followed. With his natural affinity for anything drinkable, he had seen the can of turpentine and turned it bottoms up.

I tried to be calm as I picked him up and followed John and the girls to the car. As long as he was still screaming, he was alive. I prayed to all my saints on that short ride. We must have made a weird looking family as we trooped into the doctor's office. John was spotted from head to foot with turquoise paint, and I slop-slopped bits of turquoise coloring at every step.

Whatever the doctor did, it must have been successful, because Mike settled down to a sleepy whimper, and snuggled in his father's arms.

The doctor gave us a few verbal instructions, and then turned to me.

"And Mrs. Dolan, I don't think it's a good idea for you to do too much painting in your condition. Better watch yourself."

"What condition?" John shouted, and even Mike lifted his head.

"The usual interesting one. Don't tell me she hasn't notified you yet." The doctor's eyebrows were lifted.

Doubt, consternation, and at last another expression, warm and wonderful, spread over John's face.

John didn't say anything on the ride home; he didn't say anything until the children were all put down for their naps. Then, as we both stood in the entrance to the living room and surveyed the havoc of my attempt at budget-saving, he started to laugh, and pulled me close to him.

"Now, what's this about not telling me the news?" he asked.

"I was afraid to," I admitted. "Because of the budget. I tried to, several times, but it was usually when one of my budget splurges was backfiring. Oh, John, why am I such a mess!"

"You're not, darling," he comforted me, his arms tightening. "Your my pet, muddled-headed wife, and I wouldn't want you any other way. Here, I'll prove it." He marched over to the desk, pulled the well-planned budget from a drawer and started to tear it in two.

I rushed over. "No, John, please don't. I'll try and keep it—really I will."

"It can't be a very good idea, cherub," John said, "when it makes you doubt my love for you, so much that you're afraid to tell me things—important things. A budget's all right for some people, but not when it means budgeting trust and love. No, ma'am."

I gave him a wobbly grin. "Maybe you're right, John," I said, "but I guess I've been sort of resentful about the thing all along, and yet, I'm sure the idea's good. Maybe all we need is a different kind of budget."

I didn't know how John was going to readjust the figures to meet our new status, but as I watched him busily poring over the column of figures that evening, I just knew my wonderful husband could. Later that evening, after he had gone to bed, I looked over the sheets. The figures were the same old figures, the needs the same old needs. But there was a new title: *Our Friendly Budget*.

SCULPTURE FOR THE CHURCH

SCULPTURE for the Church, as opposed to sculpture for museum exhibition, civic projects or private collections, is nothing new. That is conclusively proved by the great tradition of Christian art and the mystical union of all members in the Church for prayer and work. The Christian artist lived and worked with the Church. Neither the Church nor the artist was static.

Today, however, the work of the artist and its relation to the liturgy no longer seem to follow an integrated route. The clergy and the people often shy away from the artist whom they regard as an incompetent and irresponsible crackpot. And the artist looks upon their tastes as mixed emotions culled from their slight contacts with museum and calendar art—whose only art criticism is crammed in a vague cliché: *I know what I like.*

The Christian artist today faces double trouble. If it is difficult being a Christian, how much more difficult it is being a Christian artist, thinks J. Maritain, especially "when the whole life of the age is far removed from Christ, for the artist is greatly dependent

upon the spirit of the times." (*Art and Scholasticism*)

The Christian artist has not only a conflict with secularism and commercialism in everyday life, but he runs into it at the very entrance to his Church, where the people and the clergy, looking askance at him, his product, and the price, put pressure upon his originality and spontaneity and decide the fate of his labors. Under these circumstances, it becomes most excruciating for the artist to make anything that is personal and conducive to the worship of God in the Mass, the sacraments and sacramentals.

The Liturgical Arts Society,* aware of the conflict and misunderstanding between the artist, the people and the clergy, sat down to study these problems: how to encourage artists, especially sculptors, to make statues which would not be too jolting to the people and the clergy; how to make available good replicas of

*Footnote: Founded in 1928 by laymen, this Society runs a non-profit organization devoted to the betterment of the arts which integrally serve the liturgy. They publish a quarterly magazine, *The Liturgical Arts*. This society is a potent force in bringing about the so-called renaissance of liturgical arts in this country.

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ST. FRANCIS by Charles Umlauf

their models; who is to commission them. For, whereas it is certainly commendable for individual Churches to commission their own sculptors, unfortunately, the strain on the parish purse is most unwelcome.

Thus was born the "Statue Project," under the auspices of

the Liturgical Arts Society. The Society itself defrayed the expenses of commissions; and a committee selected ten sculptors. Their work was exhibited at the DeMotte Gallery in New York City in 1948. The photographs in these pages are from the works of five of these selected sculptors.



ST. E
HUN

ST. J
by K

**ST. ELIZABETH OF
HUNGARY**

by Henry Kreis

ST. JOSEPH
by K. G. Kratina







▲ ST. FRANCIS
by Maldarelli

◀ MADONNA AND CHILD
by Ivan Mestrovic



JIM'S LITTLE GIRL

BY HAROLD HELFER

Corporal Jim Langley wasn't the kind of man who loved Koreans—or, for that matter, stray children. Perhaps it was the birth of one child and the death of another which disturbed him. In any case, the corporal became a hero.

NO ONE EVER THOUGHT of Corporal Jim Langley as a coward. He did whatever it was he had to do. He just wasn't one of these "beyond-and-above-the-call-of-duty" guys, that was all. He never volunteered on a single mission involving danger. There wasn't anybody more grimly determined to come back alive from Korea than Corporal Langley.

He was a hard-bitten, bitter guy. He'd been through a few bloody messes, including the Battle of the Bulge in World War II, and he figured he'd done his share. But there was an even stronger reason why he resented the Korean business: a dark-eyed, black-haired young wife. You'd catch him brooding over her photo every now and then.

In a way, it was because of her he'd been snatched into the Army. The only reason he'd joined the National Guard unit was because he figured he could use the extra few bucks a week in setting up housekeeping for himself and his bride. And what happened was he'd only been in a few months when this Korean mess broke.

His Guard outfit was one of the first to be pressed into service and shipped across.

Most guys in the field, no matter how glum they may be day in and day out, always cheer up some with a letter from home, especially if it's from the one-and-only. Not Corporal Langley. The thought of his having to be separated from his bride, emphasized by each letter, only made him more morose and bitter. "With all the young single so-and-so's they have walking around back home that never were in World War II," he said once through his teeth, crumpling up the letter he'd just finished reading, "they got to take somebody in my boat."

As a rule, though, Corporal Langley didn't have much to say to anybody. He kept pretty much to himself. He wasn't the kind of fellow who got very confidential about his personal life or who passed around his letters. It was very plain, though, from the way he looked and the way he acted, how he felt about things.

It's kind of funny, in a way,

if you're up front with an outfit, to hear about somebody getting a "beyond-and-above-the-call-of-duty" citation. Because when you're up front, where the mortars fall and small-arms fire is all around you, then you can hardly turn around without being "beyond-and-above-etc."

But, nevertheless, there was one guy who determinedly managed to keep outside this category. Corporal Langley wouldn't budge an inch out of his way or lift a little finger to do anything that would cause him the slightest unnecessary exposure, unless specifically ordered to do so. Of course, his outfit, same as the others, somehow always managed to have enough volunteers to get its wounded off the battlefield and to carry out the desperate assignments that come up from time to time. But not because of Corporal Langley.

On one particular day—it was not far from Seoul, and the enemy was making another mean and bitter effort to crash through the UN lines—Corporal Langley and a couple of just-in-from-the-States privates found themselves pinned down in an advanced foxhole. Most of the other UN soldiers had retired to prepared positions a considerable distance back. But the corporal and the two privates were stuck where they were—there was too much firepower com-

ing their way and not enough cover between them and the new positions for them to make a run for it. "We'll wait until late evening, when it starts to get dark, before we try anything," Corporal Langley said.

His last letter from home—received only the day before—seemed to have made him even more sullen than usual. The two privates, boot camp dust still behind their ears, stood cowering against one side of the foxhole. They were quite willing to leave the laconic corporal alone and to let him make any necessary decisions.

It was the tall, lean private who pointed a somewhat shaking finger over the rim of the foxhole and exclaimed, "Look!" The other private looked—and gasped. Corporal Langley brought his eyes to the foxhole edge.

Crawling on the ground, about 150 feet or so away, was a small Korean child, about two years old.

"The kid's mother must have been killed somewhere near by," the lanky private said. "And the little girl must have just started crawling away."

"What'll we do?" gasped the other private, looking at the corporal.

Langley kept staring away over the rim. "There's nothing in the regulations about us being responsible for civilians or their

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kids," he declared, bitingly.

The corporal's eyes kept following the little girl's progress intently. A mortar shell suddenly plopped itself 50 yards or so away from the child. There was a nasty, whirring sound and an explosion. The little girl sat up. Her face was now covered with dirt and she was crying with all her little heart and soul.

The corporal watched for a moment. Then he said, "I'm going after her."

He pushed himself up over the foxhole's rim, then started crawling toward the child. Shrapnel and bullets were splattering all around. The two rookies watched, spellbound. One shell landed only 10 yards away from him, but turned out to be a dud. The corporal kept inching his way forward on his stomach.

He was about 40 feet away from the little girl when it happened. There was the sharp, ping-pong sound of a rifle bullet. Then a groan.

For a moment, Langley lay where he was, motionless. Then he started moving again—still forward. He made his way more slowly this time, but he finally reached the kid. As he did, he suddenly picked himself up, scooped up the sobbing child into his arms, and, lowering his head, charged for the foxhole.

His feet gave way on him sever-

al times, but he managed to get himself up and keep going. When he got within a few yards of the foxhole, summoning up what seemed to be his last ounce of strength, he tossed the little girl into the hole with a final, supreme effort. Then he sank down to the ground. He lay there very still for a few moments, then began to roll himself toward the foxhole. He fell into it bleeding profusely and unconscious

WHEN THE STORY about Corporal Langley got back to his outfit a number of hours later, none of the guys would believe it. There was no doubt that the two rookies would have been suspected of being cockeyed if it weren't for what they had brought back with them: the little Korean girl.

The outfit's astonished captain paid a visit to the hospital section back of the line as soon as he got the chance. Langley had been hit right below the left shoulder blade, the bullet had gone through his body, and he was in pretty bad shape; but he seemed to be coming around, although still pretty much delirious.

"He keeps having me read a letter we found on him, the last letter he got from home, over and over again," grinned a hospital corpsman, as he and the captain stood over the cot of the heavy-breathing, fitfully slumbering corporal.

"Letter?" the captain asked curiously. Just then, the corporal stirred, his eyelids fluttered and he said, "Letter... read me the letter..."

The corpsman, with a knowing grin at the captain, picked up a blood-spotted sheet of paper lying

on a near-by trunk and began to read, "Dearest Jim: It's happened, the big news. Julia and I are doing fine. Yes, it was a girl and she weighs 6 pounds, 2 ounces, and is the darlingest thing you ever saw...."

TV • A Step in the Right Direction

IT IS ENCOURAGING, but not surprising, to see a great labor union joining the fight to reserve some TV time for educational programs. The CIO's current interest in television programming is consistent with its concern for a fuller life for its millions of members and their families. Here are a few paragraphs of the testimony presented by Stanley H. Ruttenberg, director of the CIO's Department of Education and Research, to the Subcommittee on Radio, Television and Telecommunication of the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Commission:

"The degree to which television programming not only entertains the public but also elevates its cultural standards, provides useful educational and informational

services and generally advances the cause of good citizenship, is of tremendous importance to our six million members and their families."

Working people, Mr. Ruttenberg explained, want more than the best in TV entertainment, and "their educational needs can be tremendously enhanced by effective educational television programming.

"A large part of television time should rightly belong to the entertainment field... but much of television time must be reserved for more serious purposes..."

The CIO supports the creation of a National Citizens Advisory Board to safeguard the public's interest in television, according to Mr. Ruttenberg.

Labor's Side of the Question

WHO'S WRONG . . . Ever notice how too many average citizens use a double standard when judging the conduct of management groups and labor groups? It is so easy to bounce all over union men for highly publicized abuses and soft pedal with excuses corresponding abuses among employer groups. It's so easy to blame the whole union movement for abuses caused only by just a few unionists. Yet we don't condemn the Catholic Priesthood just because we have some bad priests. We don't condemn wifehood and motherhood because some married women callously fail to be either good wives or mothers. Why condemn unionism because of bad unionists?

BE FAIR . . . Do most people remember that working men have a right and even a duty to seek earnestly for a living wage? Do they realize that union men are just normal human beings who might make bad mistakes while honestly seeking good goals? It isn't fair to expect union men to be angels. We don't demand that from other groups.

THESE STRIKES . . . Strikes represent class warfare and nobody likes them. No sincere union man likes them; they mean hardship for his wife and family. Yet many strikes are just and a worker must join them. The papers might not like the strike (and give garbled accounts to prejudice their readers against the strike). Such trickery won't change justice. If the strike called fulfills the five conditions set down in Christian Ethics for just strikes, then the strike is just. And if the public is not well enough acquainted with moral principles to see the justice, then we must educate the public along those lines. But the strike remains a just strike. Morality doesn't depend upon popular approval.

SOUL STUDY . . . All of us would do well to examine our conscience about social questions. The spirit of monopolistic capitalism still pervades our thinking. Too many Americans and Catholics still put the acquisition of wealth and economic progress in first place. And they don't really object if human needs are ignored. They must protect property, capital. We need Catholics who earnestly seek to support the cause of justice, even when it's personally inconvenient. Yes, even when it cuts down their personal take, the idolized profits America worships.

HUGH CALKINS, O.S.M., in *Novena Notes*

READING is like driving a car—we should be able to suit our speed to the situation. When we're reading for pleasure, speed is not a goal—every piece of literature goes at its own gait and we go with it, depending on our capacity for absorbing the experience. But when we're reading with a purpose other than enjoyment—to get information, perhaps—it's wonderful to be able to read as fast as our minds can grasp the material.

Recent reading-rate studies of students at the college level have revealed two important facts about the first of the three R's. First, the average adult wastes a great deal of time reading, because he does it so inefficiently. Second, it doesn't require much self-training to double one's reading speed. If you are baffled by books that just lie around waiting for you to find time to read them, or if you have the ambition to read a book a day, the first step is to step up your reading speed.

The improvement of your "readability" may be made by concentrating on two major lines of development. One is mechanical, aimed at increase in the speed of eye movement. The other is more mental, and depends on improved and quicker comprehension.

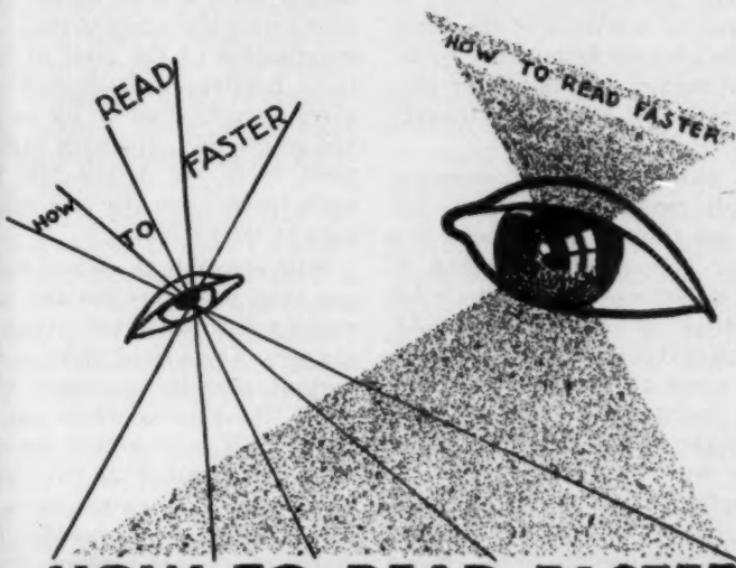
As to the first point, it is necessary to understand how the eyes function in reading. For example,

BY O. A. BATTISTA

◆ *If you are baffled
by the books that
you never
get time to read...
you can enrich
your life now
by learning...*

as you read these lines, six muscles control each eyeball in its socket, and the movements are co-ordinated so accurately with the optical nerves that both eyes, quite unconsciously to you, will hesitate at least six to eight times as they scan a line of print. The eyes of a very good reader, on the other hand, will cover an ordinary line of print in two to three jumps.

Dr. Roland H. Wright claims that it is not uncommon for an inefficient reader to make a dozen or more eye-swings to the line, hesitating on a single word at a time. The more "eye-swings" per line, the fewer the number of



HOW TO READ FASTER

words that can be covered in a given time. "Actually," says Dr. Wright, "while our eyes are moving, we do not see anything. Our eyes must stop still for us to see, and for maximum reading output these stops should take place about once every one-sixth of a second. Most readers, however, pause for as long as a second at the end of each stop!"

The modern generation has such poor reading habits because it has not been taught how to read properly. Most of the persons today over thirty-five years old learned to read by the so-called "oral method," designed to teach pronuncia-

tion—a word at a time. And so they were trained to the habit of seeing only the single word they were pronouncing, and this gave rise to poor reading speed, as well as undue straining of the eyes.

You are a slow reader if you average only about 150 words or less per minute, if you find yourself backtracking to clarify the meaning of words, or if you automatically stop your eye-swinging at the end of each word. Poor readers are also frequently sensitive to noises around them, and they frequently complain that they tire easily from reading. In addition to the number of words per

minute, one's ability to read is gauged by how much of the meaning is grasped from these words. Poor readers will remember only a fraction of what they thought they read.

A good adult reader, conscientiously reading one hour a day, can get through forty books in a year. This requires a speed of 250 to 300 words per minute for material of average difficulty, which is about four times the average speed of talking. The statistics point out, however, that throughout the nation few adults read with better than sixth- to seventh-grade efficiency, and most are reading no faster than 150-250 words per minute. Few college graduates read any faster than 350-450 words per minute. In the words of Dr. William B. Benton of the University of Chicago, "we are a race of reading cripples."

If you can read more than 600 words a minute and comprehend the important points of what you cover, you are in the "genius" class of readers with an unusually high skill in reading. A fast and efficient reader has a photographic memory and almost never finds himself going back over a line to discover the meaning of a sentence. Two or three stops per line are sufficient, and phrases, whole sentences, even short paragraphs, may be absorbed by such a person at a single glance. Skilled readers

usually make a brief survey of a book before beginning to read. An examination of the table of contents, headings, and sub-headings, gives an indication of its nature and scope. Such approach enables them to fit the details into the main theme from the very beginning of their reading.

With regard to the second point, one must remember the fact that reading is not done exclusively by the eyes. One's mind plays an important part in the speed with which the printed words can be grasped. The eyes may see one word at a time, but the mind must grasp phrases, even sentences, to give meaning to the words. The secret of efficient reading, therefore, is essentially the training of one's eyes to read whole phrases at a time, whereby the time lag between the visual impression and the mental understanding is virtually eliminated.

Eye exercise is, indeed, an important part of trying to become a better reader. On an individual scale, it is a good idea to concentrate for a few minutes every day on trying to see more words at each glance. To a certain extent, reading reduces to a case of simple arithmetic—the more words you see at once, the faster you read.

Theodore Roosevelt amazed his associates by the speed with which he could read an entire page of

print, for he had mastered the art of reading down a page without having to move his eyes back and forth across each line. His trained eyes spotted key words or phrases, thus helping his mind to piece the meaning together with lightning-like speed.

Today, it is becoming very important to keep up with the seemingly endless things published in one's field. The person who is able to read faster and more efficiently will have an advantage over others doing the same kind of work as he does.

According to one reading expert, an average high-school student should be able to read at least 300 words a minute in order to do well. College students should be able to dash off 350-400 words to get A's, and men in most of the professional walks of life find it to their advantage to be able to speed through 600 words a minute.

For those who may wish to start improving their reading speed and enjoyment at home, here are a few pointers passed along by the specialists, who ought to know.

Avoid the common pitfall of "vocalizing" while you read. This is equivalent to the hunt-and-peck typing system, and means you say

each word to yourself as you read it. Do not move your lips as you read.

Train yourself to read by phrases, not by words. The smoother the eye-jumps, the better the word-combinations and comprehension.

Always push your reading speed forward. Accelerate, accelerate, accelerate. The object here is not to read at a comfortable rate, but at an uncomfortable rate, a little faster than your eyes seem to prefer.

Avoid the lazy habit of going back over words your eyes already have seen.

Look forward to your reading with an attitude of genuine concentration. The more interest you can stir up for what you read, the more efficient it will be.

Reduce the optical difficulties that accompany reading, and you will have within your ready reach the means of reading better and faster, of learning more.

Practice based on such rules as these is essential, if you wish to read faster. Lydia Roberts pertinently remarks, "Talk less, read more, and remember that a book in the hand is worth two in the bookcase."

A NEW SLANT: As a Chinese said: "Americans are not happy; they laugh too much."

Ponce de León never found the

Fountain of Youth

but these courageous oldsters

discovered its secret for themselves

THREE ARE quite a few people in the world today who refuse to grow old with the years. They refuse to retire to a corner and watch the world go by. Instead, they take an active part in running it.

Mrs. Cosmy Huliter is such a person. At the age of 81 her sons gave her a set of water colors, brushes, and paper, and she took up painting. Today she is internationally known as a landscape artist of considerable skill.

"I always wanted to paint," she says, "but my mother and father disapproved of a young girl's taking up anything so frivolous."

Mrs. Huliter, or "Dame Cosmy" as she is known professionally, is Grecian-born. Her late husband, Michael, was once an attaché at the Greek Embassy in Washington. The artist never took an art lesson in her life, yet she is selling her work and having it exhibited in important places. Her subjects are mostly

BY RUTH OSWALD





June to receive her diploma from East Night High School.

Back in Asheville, North Carolina, where Mrs. McKinney was born, no one cared much about educating Negro children, so she never went to school. After she moved to Cincinnati with her husband, Albert, the two decided to go to school. They attended the elementary night classes. Albert never finished school, as he died in 1941, but Pernia kept on and graduated four years later.

Mrs. McKinney went into the real estate business in her neighborhood and realized that she needed more education, and so she entered high school at the age of 71 and attended classes four nights a week for five years, braving icy streets, drenching downpours of rain and excessive heat. Now that she has her diploma,

scenes remembered from her childhood on the island of Poros, Greece. "I call them my memoirs," she says.

Fritz Kreisler is another member of this gallant crew who refuses to grow old. At 75 he is still able to hold an audience spellbound under the magic of his bow. Mr. Kreisler hails from Austria, and while he has no children of his own, only the recording angel knows how many children he has fed and helped through life. For years, every cent he made from his concert tours went for the relief of Austrian war orphans. Music and his love for others have kept him young at 75.

Mrs. Pernia W. McKinney is the oldest member of a graduating class in the history of the Cincinnati Public Schools. She donned her white cap and gown at the age of 76 last



Mrs. McKinney intends to do some "postgraduate" work. She is going to take up bookkeeping and dress designing.

Ethel Barrymore remains young in her 70's, giving of her time generously to Father Patrick Peyton's Family Theater on radio and television.

Barry Fitzgerald, who captivated the hearts of Americans everywhere as "Father Fitzgibbon" in the movie "Going My Way," is a young oldster also. His real name is Barry Shields, and he once gave up a secure civil service job in Dublin. At 41 years of age, he joined the Abbey Players and traveled with them, doing small parts that led to bigger parts. In 1937 he arrived in Hollywood, but fame did not come his way until he had passed the age of 70. Not as an Adonis of the screen but rather as a cross old Irish priest, Barry won stardom. He enjoyed being a priest even though he is an Episcopalian himself. "There were times," he confesses, "when I felt like the real thing."

John Golden, a top man in the theatrical producton world, is 77. His carriage is erect, his hair still black, and his voice steady and strong.

Golden is a friend of Bernard Baruch, whose 82 years are only like shadows that pass upon him. No economist or analyst in the country is listened to with half as much respect as Bernard Baruch, who has been the adviser of Presidents for many of his declining years.

We might say that we are living in an age of vigorous elders, if we



scan the list of the leaders of nations. President Truman is in his middle sixties. General Marshall is past 70.

General Douglas MacArthur, who did more to build up a stricken and defeated nation than any other "conqueror" in history, is well past 70. In fact, he had to come out of retirement to lead our military forces in the Pacific during World War II.

Syngman Rhee, the leader of South Korea, who has put up an epic defense against Communist aggression and who refuses to be placated by any measure which is tinged with appeasement, is 76 years of age. He is a very old man by Oriental standards. In the Orient a man is old at 35. But Rhee has a project to keep him young, the task

of reviving the hope of his people after their terrible blood bath, of rebuilding his destroyed homeland and unifying his country. He has given all the years of his life to Korean independence.

Another great leader who belongs to the "young-old" group and who has devoted his life to the independence of his adopted country is Eamon de Valera of Eire. Back in office after an interim of two years and after 16 years in the Prime Minister's chair, he makes no secret of the fact that he hopes to achieve the unification of Ireland. This is a dream which he cherishes as the calendar turns his life-span toward the figure 70.

Dr. Konrad Adenauer, the elderly, stern Chancellor of the West German Republic, is one of the leaders of the European crusade against Communism. This leader of a new nation of 48 million people will soon celebrate his 75th birthday. At an age when most people have retired, Dr. Adenauer has dynamic plans for the future. He governs West Germany under the banner of Christianity and economic free enterprise. Through Christian ethics he hopes to wash away the taint of Nazism and extreme German nationalism. Through free enterprise he hopes to make the Federal Republic solvent and independent of financial aid. He also has another goal, that of merging a reunited Germany into a European federation.

There is quite an army of these aged youngsters who are making the world a better place for us to

live in. Many of them did not reach fame or fortune until after their hair turned gray and their backs were a little bent. It is never too late to become famous.

At 93 Mrs. Edward McDowell still supervises the Artists and Writers Colony in Peterborough, New Hampshire. "Grandma Moses" is producing her beautiful Christmas cards at 89. Jean Sibelius, Finland's eminent composer, is 85.

The famous English conductor, Sir Thomas Beecham, is well past 70. At 77, William MacLeod Raine is turning out a Western novel each year. John Masefield and Robert Frost are still producing beautiful poetry, and both are 75. Most of these celebrities did not reach any semblance of fame until they were well along in years.

On and on goes the list of these aged people doing mammoth-size jobs at an age when millions of others are looking for a corner in which to retire and watch the world go by. While millions of others in their 40's and 50's are complaining of getting old, these youngsters among us of 70 and 80 and 90 are doing all kinds of worth-while work, and they are having a good time doing it.

Last but not least of this stout-hearted band is our beloved Pope Pius XII. With the threat of Communism falling like a red shadow across the world, with 65,000,000 of his beloved children locked behind the Iron Curtain, the Pope goes steadily on with his work, trusting in God. That's an idea for all of us, no matter what our age.

THE MASS IS A BANQUET



The Last Supper at Pleyben, Brittany

All of us know that Our Lord instituted the Mass on Holy Thursday at the Last Supper. The Gospels relate that the evening before His death, while eating with His apostles, Jesus took bread, blessed it, and distributed it to His apostles. He said these words: "Take and eat. This is My Body." Then, taking a cup of wine, He blessed it and passed it among them, saying: "Drink of this, for this is My Blood." He added: "Do this in commemoration of Me."

In his first Epistle to the Corinthians, St. Paul uses the same narrative, which is all the more moving from his pen since he had not been present at the Last Supper.

We find the same words and the same actions in the Mass. The priest says: "Jesus, the day before He suffered, took bread into His holy and venerable hands (the priest takes the bread in his hands) and with eyes

lifted up towards heaven (he lifts up his eyes), He blessed it, saying: Take and eat ye all of this, for this is My Body." Blessing the bread, the priest uses the same words—not "This is the Body of Christ," but "This is My Body." In a similar way, he consecrates the wine. Again, as though Jesus were speaking, the priest adds: "Do this in commemoration of Me."

The Mass is composed of many things: prayers, readings and songs. But the significance and harmony of these other things can be understood only in relation to the central action for which the other parts of the Mass exist—the Consecration and the Communion.

Some prayers and readings of the Mass change on the feasts of the Saints and in the celebration of the Church Year. But the central part—the *Canon* of the Mass—is invariable in our Latin Rite. Even in the East

ern Catholic liturgy, the Consecration and the Communion are performed with the same words and same actions as those of Jesus at the Last Supper. The *Canon* is the nucleus. Without it there would be no Mass.

The bread and wine, a chalice and a paten, an altar table and altar cloths give evidence that the Mass is a most sacred banquet. Notice how often the prayers of the Mass, speak in terms of nourishment: the table of God, hunger, thirst, heavenly food, fullness.

We no longer receive bread and wine but the Body and Blood of Christ. We are nourished by divinity itself. The words of the Church clearly express what Jesus wanted us to understand when He chose a banquet for the occasion to institute the Mass and bread and wine as the materials of the sacrament of Holy Communion.

A priest-prisoner gives Communion to his liberators. The words of Jesus are spoken to them and to all: "I am the living bread which has come down from heaven. If anyone eat of this bread, he shall live forever." (John VI, 51) ...



Let Your Family Meal Reflect the Beauty of Christ's Supper

1. Once we understand that the Mass is a banquet, our attitude toward the meals we eat ought to change. The Christian's meal is not simply a matter of eating. The "Our Father" is still a very appropriate grace before meals. As Christ's own prayer, it is beautifully appropriate for the father of the family in thanking God for having once again given to his own their daily bread.

2. Rationing during the war taught us the worth of bread and wine. The poor beggars, prisoners, the displaced and the unemployed know the value of bread. This is difficult for the rich and the gluttonous to understand.

3. When you invite a friend to your table, you assume the responsibility for his happiness during the time he is your guest. Hospitality is a Christian virtue.

The Table of the Lord.

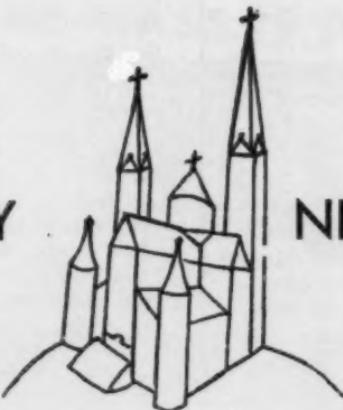
1. "My Body is truly food. My Blood is truly drink." The Mass, first of all, is a meal. The table is our altar.

2. When we go to Mass, we sit at a table with our brothers around the head of the house. Our altar rails are tables of brotherhood. We eat the Body of Christ as a family.

3. We do not assist in OUR own private Mass. Let us join with the other guests. They are our brothers in Christ. Let us pray for them, sing with them. We are not eating alone.

ABBEY

NEWSMONTH



TOWARDS the end of September, Father Clement suffered a broken elbow in an auto accident, and so there is again a substitute scribe for the "Abbey Newsmonth." Father Gerard also received minor injuries in the collision.

The first day of the month found Brother Innocent and Brother Fidelis in our midst again, after a visit to their relatives in Germany. Brother Vital also accompanied them on their European journey but continued direct to his mission at St. Michael, North Dakota. These three Brothers, and the four Brothers from our Abbey who are lending a helping hand at the International Benedictine College in the Holy City, had the privilege of an audience with the Holy Father.

No doubt all have heard of the injustice shown by some civil authorities to the family of a departed defender of our country in Sioux City, Iowa. Our Father Daniel was conducting services at the grave of Sergeant John Rice, a Winnebago

Indian, who died in Korea fighting for his country's ideals, but cemetery officials refused burial because the deceased was not a "Caucasian." President Truman graciously intervened and offered burial with full military honors in Arlington National Cemetery.

On September 3, Norman Bush of Louisville, Ky., was invested in the habit and increased the number of Brother Candidates to six.

The Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Mother was the day when Frater Simon entered into a solemn and perpetual pact with Mary's Son in the presence of the entire monastic community. Father Abbot received his vows and during the impressive ceremony the newly professed was clothed in the cuculla which designates the solemnly professed choir religious.

A determined effort is being made to co-operate with the express commands of Blessed Pius X, of the present Holy Father, and of other Supreme Pontiffs, to give the laity

an active part in the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. With the firm belief that the active participation of the faithful in the Sacred Mysteries is the primary source of the real Christian spirit, a program has been inaugurated at our parish in Ferdinand, Ind., with the encouragement of the pastor, Father David.

On September 9, Father Abbot preached at all the Masses at that parish to acquaint the parishioners with the plan of congregational singing. The monastic schola director, Father Rudolph, has been appointed to supervise the program. One of his first moves was to have an altar set up in the assembly hall of the new high school. The two parish assistants, Father Edwin and Father Prosper, alternate in demonstrating the sacred actions of the Holy Sacrifice while Father Rudolph lectures on the structure of the Mass, the symbolism of vestments, and the use of sacred vessels. These informal talks are interspersed with the practice of the chants. Father Rudolph has had a simple Gregorian Mass printed on cards which can be obtained from the Abbey Press.

During the week of October 21 to 28, Father Rudolph extended the apostolate to Brookville, Ind., through the kindness of the Rev. George Sahm. The week was held in honor of Pius X and consisted of nightly lectures and chant practices with the parishioners. The climax came on the Feast of Christ the King, when the entire parish joined in the congregational singing.

The brethren at Blue Cloud also recently accepted an opportunity to develop greater appreciation for Gregorian Chant. On October 3, their schola sang at a church dedication in Aberdeen, South Dakota.

The annual invasion of students occurred on the 10th of September. This army of scholars is over six hundred strong. Two hundred and forty enrolled in the Major Seminary, while three hundred and sixty took up residence in the Minor Seminary. Twenty-three young men were accepted at St. Placid Hall, the preparatory school for Brothers. Forty-two Fathers have been appointed to lead the students along the paths of holiness and learning.

School officially opened the fol-



Papal audience at which Brothers Fidells, Innocent, Vitalis, Boniface, Andrew, and Marion were present.

lowing day with a solemn votive Mass of the Holy Spirit, celebrated by the newly installed Rector of the Major Seminary, **Father Conrad**. An address of welcome to all the seminarians was delivered by **Frater Abbot**.

Father Brendan arrived from Blue Cloud two days later with a load of blueprints under his arm and proceeded to confer with **Brother Conrad** about some building problems. **Brother Wolfgang** returned shortly after from the new foundation to take up the daily task of helping to feed our large community and student body.

Four members of the community took active parts in various meetings of the American Benedictine Academy during the past month. **Father Subprior** and **Father Basil** both delivered papers at the meeting of the Philosophy section at Conception Abbey, while **Father Donald** journeyed to St. John's Abbey to give a paper before the Art section. **Father Fabian** demonstrated to the Natural Science section at St. Vincent's Archabbey a movie of the life cycle of some sparrow hawks that have taken up their dwelling in one of our church towers. The movie was produced by **Brother Meinrad**, who concealed his camera and shot the film by means of a mirror.

Twenty-two seminarians were raised to the diaconate by **Archbishop Schulte** on September 23. Three others, including our **Frater Simon**, were ordained subdeacons on the previous day.

September meant apple-picking

time to **Brother Nicholas** and an occasional crew of Fraters and Novices. To **Brother Bartholomew** it meant time for the harvesting of the grapes. The brethren gladly assisted in this task, in imitation of the saintly king Wenceslaus, who with his own hands sowed the wheat and pressed the grapes which were to be used for Holy Mass.

Distinguished guests during September included **Bishop Westermann, S.V.D.**, from India; **Dom Augustine Mayer**, Rector of the International Benedictine College in Rome, and the popular Benedictine author from Downside Abbey in England, **Dom Hubert van Zeller**.

A Chevrolet bearing South Dakota license plates arrived on the 23rd, manned by **Father Odilo**, who was on his way to Catholic University for advanced studies in theology. Less than twelve hours later the same vehicle began a return trip to Blue Cloud, carrying **Brothers Lawrence, Meinrad, Hilarion, and Paul**, who will endeavor to assist in putting the roof on the completed wing before the snow begins to fly. **Brother Conrad** left a few days earlier for the same destination to supervise the installation of a heating system. **Brother Bartholomew** replaces **Brother Hilarion** in the Porter's Office.

Among the many ribbons won by the St. Meinrad Parish 4-H Club were six "Grand Champion" ribbons and thirteen "Champion" ribbons. Much of the credit for this success goes to **Father Kevin**, who was Adult Leader of the local group until this spring. The club is

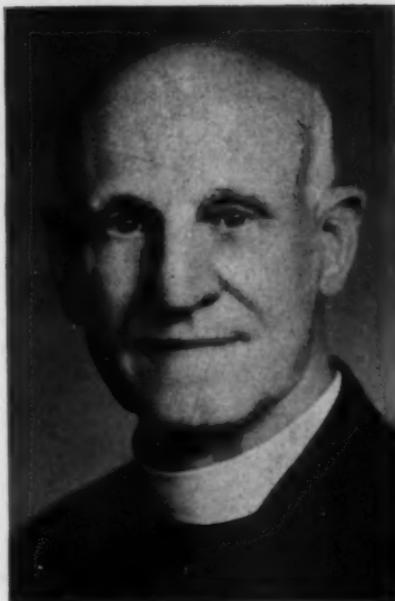
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now under the direction of Father Fidelis.

Father Jude has been commissioned a First Lieutenant and is now attached to the 31st Infantry Division at Fort Jackson, South Carolina.

Some time ago, the St. Meinrad Seminary Mission Unit sponsored a notice which appeared in the "Sunday Visitor" and which requested broken rosaries for the missions. The result was an avalanche of packages of every description containing an amazing variety of rosaries. This generous and overwhelming response makes it difficult to send an individual note of thanks to all the kind donors. To all who answered this call for rosaries, the Seminary Mission Unit is most grateful and begs God's blessing on them. Some of the rosaries are already on the way to the Missions and the others will soon follow.

When a Benedictine monk dies, prayers are offered for the repose of his soul in many tongues possibly quite unfamiliar to the departed. Intercession is made for the deceased in Flemish, Slovak, French, Italian, and a host of other languages. Wherever the Order has a monastery, a notice is sent of the monk's death, begging for a remembrance at prayer. Within the monastery of the departed monk, a generous number of Masses and rosaries are said that he may the sooner enter heaven. Truly, it is good to die in the House of the Lord.



Father Vincent

Surely our Father Vincent Wagner now knows fully all the joy of a holy death in the monastery. Father Vincent fell asleep peacefully in the Lord on September 27, just two days short of the sixty-third anniversary of his priestly ordination.

Born in the neighboring village of Ferdinand, he entered the Abbey while in his teens and completed his studies in 1887. Because of his youth, he had to wait a year before he was ordained in St. Louis by Archbishop Kenrick. For many years he taught music in the Major Seminary and Minor Seminary, and his great ability in music is widely recognized. As an organist and

composer, he is credited with many improvements in the choir work and music department. While in Europe, he made an extensive study of Gregorian chant.

Together with the late Father Bede Maler, he was responsible for introducing the Priest's Eucharistic League to America in 1892. The promotion of this work occupied much of his time until the Blessed Sacrament Fathers took over the League's direction after their arrival in this country.

Assigned to St. Benedict's parish in Evansville in 1914, the tall, slender priest remained there for over thirty years, with two short intervals for other assignments at the Ferdinand Convent and at Marmion. Twenty-three years later he

was relieved of parish work to devote full time to the spiritual care of the Little Sisters of the Poor in Evansville. In 1949, at the age of eighty-four, he returned to the Abbey for a brief time and then was appointed assistant chaplain at the motherhouse of the Benedictine Sisters at Ferdinand. His only living sister, Sister Ignatia, is a member of this community. Several months later he suffered a hip injury, in November, 1949, and returned to the monastery where he spent most of his remaining days in the infirmary.

Funeral services for our beloved Father Vincent were held October 1, with Father Abbot officiating at the Pontifical Requiem High Mass.

Christopher Jeffords, O.S.B.



FAMILY PHOTO FEATURE

Perhaps Francis Thompson had looked into the eyes of just such a child as this when he wrote of her....

"Scoop, young Jesus, for her eyes

Wood-browned pools of Paradise.

... Cast a star therein to drown
Like a torch in cavern brown.
Sink a burning star to drown
Whelmed in eyes of Viola."

The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad

In the ancient abbey of Maria Einsiedeln in Switzerland there died in 1925 a Benedictine monk, Brother Meinrad Eugster, highly respected by his confreres for his virtuous life. His cause for beatification has been introduced at Rome, and *The Grail* has been chosen for bringing his cause to the knowledge of American Catholics. The publication of favors obtained through the intercession of Brother Meinrad will serve to advance the cause of the saintly lay-brother. Accordingly, our readers who experience the help of Brother Meinrad's intercession are asked to notify us of the facts by writing to *The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana*. The Grail will select some of the favors for publication. A picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer for his canonization may be obtained by sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope to *The Grail Office*.

I am grateful to Brother Meinrad for helping me obtain high grades in graduate school during the summer session; also, for my sister's getting a job near me. E.M.G., Wis.

We feel that it was through the intercession of Brother Meinrad that our daughter, who is not physically strong, was not only able to finish her college course but was graduated with honors. Mrs. E.L., Ill.

Please publish my thanks to Brother Meinrad for two special favors. V.M., Ind.



While our son was in Korea, we prayed to Brother Meinrad for the spiritual and physical welfare of our son. We are grateful for his safe return. Mrs. W.J.O., Iowa

In my husband's illness I turned to Brother Meinrad for help. My husband is much improved, thanks to Brother Meinrad.

Mrs. V.H.S., Mich.

I promised a donation for the cause of Brother Meinrad if no serious ailment was found and my prayers were heard. M.F.S., Ind.

Enclosed is an offering of \$5.00 in thanksgiving for a favor received through the intercession of Brother Meinrad. C.B., Ind.

CONRAD LOUIS, O.S.B.

SUNDAYS of NOVEMBER

THE LESSONS which Mother Church has been teaching in the Masses since the eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost are repeated again in the final Masses of the year. The theme of these lessons is the second coming of Christ and the final judgment. We will be examined at that judgment and rewarded according to the fidelity with which we have carried out the lessons we have learned in the Mass.

Twenty-sixth Sunday

In the Mass of the Twenty-sixth Sunday after Pentecost we are reminded of the great hope that Mother Church places in our weekly meeting with Christ in the Sunday Mass: that we will learn to imitate Christ. The *Epistle*, from St. Paul's letter to the Colossians, says this clearly:

"Put on therefore, as God's chosen ones, holy and beloved, a heart of mercy, kindness, humility, meekness, patience. Bear with one another and forgive one another, if anyone has a grievance against any other; even as the Lord has forgiven you, so also do you forgive. But above all these

things have charity, which is the bond of perfection. And may the peace of Christ reign in your hearts; unto that peace, indeed, you were called in one body. Show yourselves thankful. Let the word of Christ dwell in you abundantly."

We know that we cannot attain this ideal unless God's constant grace be with us. We pray earnestly for this grace in the *Collect*.

Then Jesus teaches us, in the *Gospel*, the ultimate importance of attaining the Christlike ideal. Certainly, there will be a final searching and sifting both of our motives and our acts to separate the good grain of Christlikeness from the weeds of worldliness. Now He sees both growing side by side in us. "Let both grow until the harvest," he says. So we see that the lessons we learn are for this life and the next. This Gospel warns us to look over the fruit of our lives while there is still time to improve.

If there is any serious evil in our lives, we should anticipate the judgment and burn it out with the flames of sacrifice, joining ourselves with

christ as victims in the Mass (*Secret*). If we burn out the weeds of sin, the good grain of virtue, planted in us by the Eucharist, will be able to grow and fructify (*Postcommunion*).

Twenty-seventh Sunday

In the *Epistle* for the Twenty-seventh Sunday, St. Paul boasts that the Gospel teaching is not merely a matter of words but a source of power, spirit and good works. If we have attentively followed the teaching of the Sunday Masses and especially of the Gospels, we will have experienced more than mere words, and we will have grown in power, spirit and fruitfulness.

The small beginning of the Christ-life in us is capable of great growth and development. Our Lord tells us this in the parable. The good seed sown in the earlier Masses (last Sunday's for example) has tremendous potentialities (*Postcommunion*). And these are not merely potentialities for our own perfection. The Eucharist can become a leaven for our home, family, office, factory and community. In fact, its influence is supposed to spread to others and vivify the whole of society by the contact it makes through us. The spiritual leaven of the Christ-life is to operate by personal contact, just as leaven does in the dough when it takes hold of each particle of flour. We should become a "pattern to all the believers" of our surroundings as the disciples of St. Paul did in his day (*Epistle*). Our last judgment, we see, will be based not only on our personal state, but also on the influence for good we have

exerted on our neighbor and on society as a whole.

Twenty-eighth Sunday

The final Mass of the year is a plea to the faithful to take seriously the lesson of Christian perfection which the liturgical year teaches. "Arouse, we beseech Thee, O Lord," the Church has us pray, "the desire to seek earnestly the graces and helps of the Work of God, so that we can realize the greatest possible gain from God's fatherly interest in all of us" (*Collect*).

After her annual course of instructions, Mother Church wants us to be filled with a spiritual understanding, always growing and building on the foundation she has given us, since there is no other foundation than Jesus Christ, in Whom we have redemption through His Blood (*Epistle*).

He is the remedy for our human frailty, family troubles, and social ills. If we accept Him with His teaching and His Sacraments, He will save us when, as the Son of Man, He comes on the clouds to judge the good and the bad, to put the good (the "sheep") on the right, and the bad (the "goats") on the left. This judgment is spoken of in the *Gospel*.

Jesus teaches us in His final lesson that there will be a definite "showdown" at the end of our lives and at the end of the world. The questions will be: what have you learned and what have you done? Recall the questions that are asked when the sheep are being separated from the goats (*Matt. 25, 31-46*): "Lord, when did we see Thee hungry,

and feed Thee... naked, and clothe Thee, sick, and come to visit Thee?" And the answer: "As long as you did it for one of these, the least of my brethren, you did it for me."

Just as Jerusalem was ruined by her selfishness and pride, so will all selfish and proud people suffer when punished in the crucible of divine justice. As we learn from nature to recognize the changes of the seasons, so we should learn from Christ the signs in the realm of the supernatural.

The *Gospel* of this Sunday is much like the one for the following Sunday, the first Sunday of Advent. In Advent the message is calculated to urge us on to action throughout the year so that we will be ready for a close examination and judgment. Now it is a message of warning, if we have not made ready for the final day. We are warned to look back over the past very seriously, in view of the inevitable crisis and separation, to see if we have made some use of the opportunities to know and love and serve God through and with and in Jesus Christ. Who does not shudder at that awful sentence: "Depart from me, accursed ones, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels (*Matt. 25, 41*)"? It is the spirit of these days which inspired the "Dies Irae," which was originally sung on this Sunday.

It is hoped that in view of this final phase of our lives we will at last give up all our worldly desires and schemes, and turn our hearts completely to God (*Secret*), so that this final and total conversion will cure

our ills, heal our souls, and restore our hearts to God (*Postcommunion*). —o—

Each time we live the liturgical year it should bring us to await ever more securely the second coming of Christ and heaven. We can look on the liturgical cycle as a long journey from Septuagesima Sunday (man in the depth of sin), through the desert (Lent), over Calvary (Passiontide), and on through the Resurrection, Ascension, and Pentecost to our happy anticipation (Advent) of our glorious union with Christ the King (Christmas and Epiphany). Perhaps this view of the Christmas cycle as a fulfillment of the hopeful season after Pentecost was the natural one in early Christian times.

From another point of view we can look at the Masses of this final period as a closing of the annual liturgical cycle. This is the view common today. According to this view we can look on Advent and Christmas each year as another step higher in the Church's school of perfection. We can look forward to each new year as an advancement. And why? For the reason that each cycle helps us to know Christ in His Mysteries better, and so we will also come to love and serve Him better.

Thus the Sunday Masses are a school of perfection forming a never-ending course for the growth and development of sanctity in Christ's members. From another point of view, they are a never-ending course culminating, at the second coming of Christ, in our being found "worthy to share the lot of the saints in light . . . hidden with Christ in God."



Small Fry Can Pray

Praying with the kids every day is worth more than a hundred sermons on prayer.

By MARY E. MELLEN

FOR PARENTS interested in the physical welfare of their children, there's an abundance of material to assist them in their task. Corner drugstores can supply pocket-sized manuals on baby care for a quarter, and they have magazines which cover every phase of rearing children from crib to college. The government co-operates in a series

of free booklets ranging from discussions of prenatal care to the care of the school-age child, which can be secured for a penny postal card. For mothers who have no interest in the art of reading, just leaning over the back-yard fence on washday is sufficient to inspire a lecture on child care from the next-door neighbor. Almost any woman with more than one child considers herself an expert on this important subject, and some mothers of large families

could probably give a few helpful hints to a pediatrician.

For those interested in the spiritual welfare of their children's souls, the way is more difficult. The brief sermon on Sunday has to cover more points than the one point of the religious education of children. Only the largest cities have Catholic bookstores, and few parishes have an adequate pamphlet rack.

The task would be a little easier if children were more interested in things spiritual, but the process of growing up demands so much attention that children have to be continually encouraged to pray, make sacrifices and learn more about the truths of their religion. There have been saints who showed amazing spiritual insight at a very tender age, but the average American youngster seems to find greater joy in bubble gum, comic books and the movies. The desire for food for the body is ever present, and by the time the usual child reaches school age, he has acquired the art of opening the kitchen door and the refrigerator door almost in the same motion. But if the same child came in chanting, "I've gotta pray!" his mother would know he merely had been listening to negro spirituals on the radio.

Even though children seem more heathen at times than Christian, most parents realize their responsibilities. Fortunate are those who live near Catholic schools. It is a blessed relief to send Johnny and Mary off to school and know that they will have prayers and catechism every day and hear the truth in every subject.

Lack of Catholic schools sometimes makes this impossible and even Catholic schools don't solve all problems. Religion is a task of twenty-four hours a day, and the Sisters would be the first to say that the example and encouragement given in the home have a tremendous effect on the children's actions.

How can we teach our children to do something which we do not do ourselves? Will they ever learn the truths they need to know if we answer their questions with, "Ask Sister or Father sometime"? There's no need for such a reply, with the abundance of material that can be secured by writing to Catholic publishers. These publishers have to require a little money to continue operation, but they are usually more interested in gathering souls than in gathering cash, and will be glad to furnish information about their publications. For non-Catholics who would like to increase their knowledge of the Church and her doctrines, the seminarians at Woodstock, Maryland, issue a correspondence course of instructions which they will send to anyone who requests it. This simple course is free of charge, and a penny postal card addressed to Home Study Course, Woodstock, Maryland, will bring all the necessary information.

For material specifically designed for the religious education of children, the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine has prepared an excellent set of leaflets that begin with the religious training of the child at birth and continue to the religious edu-

cation of the school-age child. They are practical and readable and full of clever suggestions for furthering the child's spiritual growth. These may be obtained from Confraternity Publications, 508 Marshall St., Paterson 3, New Jersey.

There is even a little book of special prayers for mothers published by the Queen's Work in St. Louis, *Mother's Manual*. Besides many prayers such as prayers for the baby or a sick child, there is a prayer to say before correcting a child. It might not always be practical to run and say the prayer before administering a spanking, but reading it occasionally helps remind us that the ultimate aim of the correction is getting the culprit to heaven.

In religion, as in every subject, example is the great teacher. All the lectures in the world on prayer won't inspire children as much as kneeling alongside Mother and Daddy every evening for the family rosary. Mother, listening to the missionary stress the importance of morning prayers, may say to herself, "He should be in our house some morning," but even in the busiest house some kind of morning prayer is not impossible. No matter how hectic the early hours may seem, the children always eat. Grace before meals can be followed with the morning offering, even if father has started his coffee and mother is distributing the crispy crunchy cereal with the cowboy on the box. Even the littlest ones can learn this brief version and the Lord will understand:

Dear God, I offer Thee today,
All I think and do and say;
That I may be in some small part,
United to Thy Sacred Heart.

Such a prayer takes only a minute, and it's a good thing to remember when the doorbell is ringing, the baby is stuck under the studio couch, and the three-year-old spills the molasses, all at the same time. If, instead of screaming, Mother manages to announce, "It's a good thing I said my morning offering," the children have a lesson in religion that few priests could improve on. Of course, only a superhuman saint could remember the morning offering every time a crisis arises, but even doing it once a month would make a tremendous impression on the little ones.

For parents with an appetite, it is pleasant to remember that the Sunday bacon and eggs could help with the nourishment of souls. Sister can remind the children that weekly Communion is a privilege, but it is difficult in a home where parents insist upon sleeping late every Sunday. If parents set the example of weekly Communion, and if breakfast is served after the children's Mass, the meal can be a pleasant step on the way to heaven.

With all the work that's necessary to feed and clothe a family, it seems like a lot to have to worry about their souls as well. But it's worth all the effort, and more, to live in a happy home that includes God as a member of the family. Try it, and you'll see.

RELIGIOUS BOOK SELECTION

COME FOLLOW ME

BY RAOUL PLUS, S.J.

*Selected from
Christ in Our Brethren,
A Grail Publication*

Let us picture the divine Master with the apostles gathered round him: whether he is by the lake-side where the fishermen are mending their nets, or close to the market where Matthew is receiving the customs, he addresses them all in the same words: "Come ye after me." Where were they to go, whither would they follow him? Our Lord

does not say, he merely calls them: "Come ye after me, and I will make you fishers of men." No explanations, no illuminating hints as to the future.

No one can say that such an appeal was easy to follow; it was so obscure because no one knew what it meant.

When Abram is called by the Most High God, he is told to "go forth out of thy country, and come into the land which I shall shew thee." God reserves it to himself to add little by little the details which are required.

To St. Joseph the carpenter, the command is: "Arise, and take the child and his mother and fly into Egypt: and be there until I shall tell thee." For how long? He was to stay there: "until I shall tell thee." The point was that they were to set off, but the length of the journey and the duration of their sojourn in that country was not revealed.

St. Joan of Arc was told to "Go, go, daughter of Christ." But what she was to do exactly she was not told. She knew that she had to set off and find Charles the Dauphin, but what was to follow she could not tell. Of Tourelles, Rheims, Compiègne and Rouen, at the moment, the voices were silent.

And in our own case: each time that God calls us to rise higher we feel that he is calling us, but usually we know not whither he is leading us: and our future inspirations depend upon the fidelity with which we have obeyed his continued appeals.

The poet Tennyson recounts how,

when he was a boy, before he could read, he used to wander for hours on end along the seashore, listening to the murmur of the waves. "I seemed to hear a voice," he said, "speaking in the wind," and the voice murmured: "*Far away, far away*"—words which had always an extraordinary fascination for him.

Each vocation begins in a similar manner: there is the voice calling through the wind which the soul hears, that insinuates into the heart an inexpressible longing for an unknown country "far away." And moreover, if this unknown land remains lost in the far distance, she feels no shadow of doubt that everything will have to be sacrificed in order to reach it. The appeal is quite explicit: rise, go out and come near. If for a second the soul should turn away, these words will remind her of her duty and she will return. She does not know exactly whither she has to go, but she does know quite clearly that she is bound to set off.

Beware of imagining that this longing for another country comes from a blasé distaste for this world.

The tales of monasteries where broken hearts find a refuge no longer hold credence except in stories, or in light operas and plays. In reality there are very few persons who wait until they have been disillusioned by this world before entering the cloister: the greater number, even before they have tried it, have a merry contempt of this life, not because something suddenly failed them, but because, being naturally exacting, they

instinctively aspired to what was higher and felt they were born to *greater things*: and this is the truth.

When someone enters the priesthood or cloister late in life, people say: "They knew too well the meaning of life," and we have seen what this reproach implies. If the individual goes off in the fulness of youth, then: "He doesn't know what life is." If he was ignorant of this life, he knew God and that was sufficient. If he did not know the world, he knew that divine Love had been nailed to the Cross: is it necessary to ask if he knows anything else? He will not be able, certainly, to foretell all the difficulties which the Cross involves; God permits this because of his human weakness. Even to the most valiant, he does not make everything plain; even to St. Peter he only revealed in ambiguous terms the future that was in store for him: "Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now: but thou shalt follow hereafter," and the details which our Lord adds in no sense explain the mystery. "When thou wast younger, thou didst gird thyself and didst walk where thou wouldest. But when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee and lead thee whither thou wouldest not." That is sufficient, no more. God permits his disciple to know there will be suffering: "Can you drink of the chalice that I drink of, or be baptized with the baptism wherewith I am baptized?" There is sufficient to make the parting very sorrowful, but our Lord permits that the face on the Cross should shine

upon us and then what a happiness to go!

There is a whole series of supernatural joys of which the world knows nothing, and which require the tongue of a saint to make them known.

If we could realize that we are the depositaries of these divine riches, that to us are entrusted invisible powers that alone will succeed in saving the world: that one word, one movement of the hand can be the means of bringing love to mankind, and that by listening to this word and accepting this outstretched hand, another soul may be restored to life, or given fresh life, be reborn or revive; the prospect of these living sepulchres, in which sin has enclosed so many men and women, would fill us with compassion, like our Lord at the tomb of Lazarus. Would we could realize that we are the instruments chosen by God to work these marvels, that all unknown to themselves, these wonderers are looking for a messenger from on high, for a Messiah, and that we are these messengers sent by God. But like the Master, we shall have to drink of the chalice before the work of the redemption can operate, and an immense weight of salvation will be the reward of the smallest sacrifice—what a marvellous recompense!

The world holds no joys that can be compared to the joys of the apostolic vocation.

We have the happiness of possessing the truth. When God desires to bestow upon one of his creatures the greatest of graces, he breathes upon

the pupils of his eyes and says: "*Ephpheta, be opened,*" and immediately the film drops from the eyes, and a new vision is given to him. The world now appears to him to be in need, like the wounded man that appealed to the Samaritan for help. Then comes the happiness of spreading the truth, for not only does the sight have a fresh focus, but the heart is changed. It seems as if, up to this moment, he had never known what it was to love, and now it is made plain; and this love feels itself to carry into effect the most stupendous schemes.

Alas, how comes it these supernaturalized intelligences are so rare: on all sides there are appeals for workers to undertake this divine apostolate, and there are so few.

"Lord, open the eyes of those many souls who love, who are looking for the truth; open their eyes and make them compassionate workers who, after they have discovered the great kingdom of souls waiting to be assisted, will resolve to leave their own corner of the field and gather on the sheaves of corn which are waiting to be garnered."

You who are reading this book, listen to the voice within your soul.

Perhaps you have never come to any definite decision as to your future, and you have now to think of it.

If this is so, the present moment is of sovereign interest for you, and should your heart beat more quickly at this suggestion, it is possible that it is a sign of the passage of our divine Master, who, at this very time, is bidding you rise to a higher life.

There is a challenge
for every generous
and home-loving girl
in the

BABY SITTERS' APOSTOLATE

By DOROTHY GAUCHAT

FOR A LONG TIME I have wanted to get something off my mind, but diapers and dishes and the din of offspring have made it next to impossible. But now I've got my chance, and so here I go.

What I want to talk about is this: the terrific job of raising a Christian family. In Grandpa's day, when a young couple got "hitched," the neighbors used to pitch in and get a house for the future family. That was before social security, of course, but just about the end of social Christianity.

Having and rearing a large family is loads of fun, but it's loads of work, too. And mothers get so little help from people outside their own family—people that *could* help. After all, mothers want to be mothers all the time, even when a new baby comes and it's hard to take care of the rest of the brood. And that is just what is on my mind.

How we mothers could use a little help when a new baby arrives! The arrival of the first baby is a wonderful thrill, and there is not much difficulty connected with that event. But we wonder and become uneasy about what is going to happen to the rest of the family when we have to drop out of the home picture temporarily at the arrival of the second baby, and the third, and the others after that.

When our first baby was born, its coming was, for my husband and myself, the most wonderful event in our lives. We had looked forward to the day in joyful anticipation, and there were no real worries about the preparations for the arrival. When baby put in its appearance, Dad would "batch" for himself. Mom and baby would be well taken care of. And so everything was fine.

But, when the second baby made known its coming, we were faced

with our "problem." Who would take care of little Anita? All kinds of practical nurses were available at ten or twelve dollars a day, but we were the kind of folks who couldn't pay that kind of money for bathing and "bottling" baby. And besides, the nurse would take care only of mother and the new baby. Someone else had to be employed to take care of the rest of the family.

I was saved by the chance remark of a good friend. This friend of mine told us about Jane. Jane was an "almost newly graduated" Catholic high-school student who had tasted a white-collar job and was sadly disillusioned about the glamor of it. Jane quit her job. She happened to hear about our "problem" from a mutual friend and volunteered to help us through my period of confinement.

Jane arrived a few days before the baby was due. During this time she became acquainted with the children and our household routine. She helped with all the chores and learned the secrets of our favorite menus. She came from a large family and so fitted in easily with our family life. When Jane saw a thing that needed doing, she did it. She was truly a "Florence Nightingale" of the babysitting profession!

By the time I left the hospital, I had complete confidence in Jane. Little Anita loved her, and I honestly believe the man of the house preferred her cooking to mine. She did a complete and competent job of substitute Mother, and, what is more, she loved it.

Jane was so happy in her novel job that she said she would like to continue doing the same type of work, a type of work that is the same but always different. But she wanted to do it for persons who needed the help, not to be merely someone's servant, a cook, or maid. To me it seemed wonderfully amazing that a young girl should have a desire to do housework!

It was then I unburdened myself of all my ideas about the "Babysitting Apostolate." I told Jane how much we young married couples needed girls like her, but I didn't have to point out that she needed us, too, for basic training in preparation for Christian married life. She came to realize that in her short stay with us. That was one of the reasons she wanted to go on with the work.

I told her how a young woman like herself could go into homes where there was a definite need of outside help, when, for example, the mother of the home was having another baby, or was otherwise incapacitated. The work would be simply housekeeping! Simply housekeeping, yes, but a great work of mercy at the same time, and an education in some of the true values of life. And each particular "mission" in this apostolate would not extend over an indefinite period. Most likely, "cases" would range in length from three to six weeks.

That was one point that bothered Jane. "Supposing," said she, "I wouldn't be able to get enough work?" I had an answer for that, too, even though I felt certain that

she would always be able to get plenty of work in this apostolate.

"Supposing," I said, "a group of six to ten young women gathered together to work this thing out in a practical way. Their motives are of the best. Through their assistance they make it easier for mothers to have babies, future citizens of heaven. They are helping to keep families together and homes running smoothly. They are gaining experience in the ideals and practice of right living. They are preparing themselves to be better mothers and wives in their own Christian home later on. And, on top of all this, they are making a living for themselves, and earning their bread and butter and nylons."

"And so?" asked Jane.

"And so," I returned, "these ten or so girls could rent a house as a family. Singly, it would cost ten dollars a week for a room. Ten times ten is a hundred, and four times a hundred is four hundred for a month. Do you see?"

Jane saw. "You mean, a sort of co-operative Christian endeavor where money could be saved besides? Gosh, I've never thought of really making Christianity practical that way. Up to now, I guess I've only thought of religion as going to church on Sundays, and going to confession before receiving Holy Communion."

I sketched a few further details of the project. How the girls could live together in the house they had rented, how some could be carrying on the housekeeping apostolate, while others who felt the need of a rest

could get the relaxation they needed. For a few hours those who stayed in the house could work at such domestic arts as sewing, knitting or drawing. Things they made could be sold. What a need there is for someone to produce good, strong, practical, and reasonably inexpensive clothing for children! The out-of-line and out-of-life prices on children's clothing in our department stores put the youngsters' necessities on the luxury list. And so there would be a large market for such idle-hour items as the girls could easily produce, and another important need would be at least partially filled.

Moreover, as I told Jane, such a group of girls would be making more money simply by the fact that they would be spending less. Their work would always be varied, interesting, and creative. Their needs would be simpler, their sense of satisfaction at being really worth while would be greater. They would know much more about the ultimate value and meaning of life than do the lines of mannequins shuttling back and forth on the trollies and busses.

Well, Jane was anxious to get started. She wanted to start on her own to begin with, and we would see later whether the group idea would work out. We decided to introduce the idea to our family doctor. He was sure to know of patients who needed Jane.

The doctor was interested not only professionally but for his own personal needs. He hired Jane to take care of his home at the arrival of his third child. And then the ball began rolling. Jane had more work

than she could handle. She had bookings for six months in advance.

Jane is not the only young person who can and will be captivated by this idea. I realized that when I talked to the students of a Catholic high school about this apostolate.

The students to whom I presented the story could not, at first, even grasp the idea of doing such a simple act of love. But I had given them something to think about, and I saw that they were interested. When, a few weeks later, the janitor of the school became the father of another baby, the students all rallied round. Several girls donated study-hall time to clean the house of the janitor while his wife was in the hospital. Others prepared meals for the janitor and his five little ones and did his shopping for him. The Home Economics class gathered the

clothing, ironed and mended it.

So there you are. If such work isn't a form of really practical Christianity, I'd like to know what is. And what a wealth of wholesome experience and training for young girls! Besides, as I have indicated, these young people can be making money, not "big" money, but enough to get along. The really important thing is that they will be performing a real work of mercy. They will be helping folks who need a baby sitter for a bigger reason than a night at the movies. And if the good work were done by a whole group of young women working and living together, as I have suggested, the benefits would be even greater and more widespread. What a wealth of merit for young women—merit in the treasury where the moths can't get at the fur coat they haven't got!

Viewpoints . on love and marriage

"My stars," a young mother wrote, "three years ago there were only two of us. What a shock it is that almost out of nowhere, miraculously, we find a new person sitting at the table with us and piecing together his first sentences while his baby brother gurgles away in the baby bed. God has visited us most wonderfully."

Christian Impact in English

"The babies came. They were neither a problem nor a disaster; they were the consequences of marriage. Marriage meant babies—if it weren't for babies there wouldn't be marriage; there wouldn't even be sex."

Eric Gill

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MOVIE OF THE MONTH

■ By SEAMUS FLEMING

Here Comes the Groom

FOR THE PAST five years, at least, the movie studios have been laboring under the assumption that certain of their stars will sell any picture, no matter how little else the film may have to offer. This has very definitely been the case with the various and sundry Bing Crosby films, and perhaps, in this case, the assumption has been a justified one. There seems to be an audience for any Crosby picture, just because it is a Crosby picture.

However, the current Hollywood case of TV-fright seems to have had the effect, among others, of causing the producers to try to turn out a slightly better product. Instead of depending entirely upon the power of the star's name, they now occasionally try to provide the audience with a slight plot and with more than one good actor. This is, of course, a step in the right direction.

The Crosby pictures, for instance, have until recently been noted for their conspicuous lack of anything but the great man himself. Most of the plots have either been dull and unoriginal, or entirely unsuited to

Bing's talents, or both—and the same thing might be said about their scores. His talent for singing almost any type of song has sometimes been strained to the utmost and, even with Crosby plugging them, only a few of the songs from his recent pictures have really made the Hit Parade.

An upswing seems to have arrived, however. The latest Crosby opus, while certainly not the best musical ever made, is a definite improvement over its more recent predecessors. The music, for one things, has been picked with care; one of the songs, "In the Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening," was a hit before the film was released. The plot is at least slightly original and more than slightly suited to the star.

It concerns one of the movie-type newspaper reporters—not the energetic type, but the one who has much charm and talent, and much laziness—who is running a campaign, from France, to get Americans to adopt French war orphans. He concentrates on this worthy cause so much that his girl gets tired of waiting

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for him to come home and becomes engaged to a local millionaire.

At this point, Crosby returns, accompanied by two of the orphans who refuse to be separated from him. Not only does he think the girl is making a mistake in turning him down, but he has to get married quickly in order to adopt the children. The problem, therefore, is to break up the engagement and to get the girl married to himself within some time limit like two weeks or a month, or something like that.

It is a light plot, of course, and not really a wondrous piece of writing, but it is a story in which Crosby appears much more at ease than he did in, say, "The Emperor Waltz." In addition, it is directed by Frank Capra, one of Hollywood's experts in this type of film, and he is assisted by Jane Wyman as the girl, Franchot Tone as the millionaire, and Alexis Smith, as Tone's sister. Wyman and Tone, at least, are assets to any comedy.

All in all, the film should herald another of those perennial upswings in the Crosby popularity rating. Its title (which I have just noticed that I neglected to mention before) is "Here Comes The Groom." (A-II.)

Rhubarb

To continue in the lighter vein, H. Allen Smith's mad novel *Rhubarb*, about a cat who inherits a baseball team, has reached the screen. This opus has a completely eccentric plot; happily, the film does not attempt to follow up all the ramifications of Smith's story, but what remains is confusing enough.

It seems there is a millionaire who owns a losing baseball team and a cat named Rhubarb. The cat, he is convinced, is his only friend, same cat being a vicious, alley-bred creature, who will attack any other living creature.

So when the millionaire dies, he leaves the baseball team to the cat and appoints the team's press agent as one of the cat's guardians. The results, among others, are that the team becomes convinced the cat is good luck and therefore hits a winning streak, the millionaire's relatives try to break the will, and the press agent, played by Ray Milland, gets himself involved with a beautiful lady athlete, played by Jan Sterling.

Milland manages to maintain the slightly cynical air necessary to give any sort of credibility to his part; Miss Sterling manages to look both athletic and handsome—a difficult trick—and the film as a whole manages to avoid any semblance of reality or sanity. It is, however, quite a pleasant piece of slapstick, in its own unquiet fashion. (A-II.)

A Place in the Sun

Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* was intended as a savage indictment of the America of the Twenties; it is considered by some critics as one of the few American classics. It is the story of a poor young yearner after the wild and fancy living so prevalent in the Fitzgerald-type novels of the time. He takes up with a poor girl and then interests a rich girl; just as he

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GRAIL

seems to have found his entry into high society, the first girl notifies him she is going to have a child. He takes her out in a canoe, intending to drown her; at the last minute, he loses his nerve, but the canoe overturns and she drowns by accident. He is tried, and found guilty of murder.

Dreiser did his best to make a real tragedy of the story and a real indictment of the era; whether or not he succeeded is not the point here. What is to the point is that the story, whatever its relevance and effectiveness when set in the Twenties, does not suit the atmosphere of the present day. It is, quite literally, dated.

This does not, of course, affect the strength of the story when it is treated as a story of that period; when, however, it is treated as a story of today, it becomes as anachronistic and unrealistic as a modern-dress version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* would be. This is just what the latest film version, "A Place in the Sun," is—an anachronistic curiosity.

I don't intend to imply that 1950 is either better or worse than 1920; merely that it is different, very different, and more different in attitude and atmosphere than in the more material signs of change. Dreiser's young man, by today's standards, is not a tragic symbol but a naïf incompetent—what happens to him is too bad, but he really shouldn't have been let loose.

So much for comparison between the effect of the novel and the film;

I would say that the film misses much of the novel's point and strength. However, the film, as a film, is at least a step above the average. Montgomery Clift as the boy, and Shelley Winters and Elizabeth Taylor as the poor and rich girls, have somehow been driven far beyond any acting power they ever showed before, perhaps through the efforts of George Stevens, one of the better directors loose in Hollywood. The plot is much closer to real life and real tragedy than the standard American movie usually is, and the film has, at moments, a great deal of pictorial beauty.

The film does not live up to its advance notices; it does not really tell Dreiser's story or make his social criticisms; it emphasizes the sordid love story element more than is necessary; but it is a worth-while film for those who are interested in Hollywood's attempts at serious movies. (A-II.)

Kind Lady

Last, and probably least, we have "Kind Lady," which is intended as a suspense film—one of the genre about the rich old lady who takes into her home the struggling artist, who turns out to be a villain of the deepest dye. The stage version was an exemplar of the type; the film version, perhaps as a result of the seemingly great number of films in recent years on the same subject, seems much less terrifying. It has in its favor the combined talents of Ethel Barrymore and Maurice Evans

(Mr. Evans' first film appearance). But somehow it seems that even these two experts do little more than make this a high-toned period piece. I may, of course, be a little too hardened by now to react properly, but the main reason I recommend this

film is because of its actors, not because of the film as a whole. The two leads are also two of the leading lights of the modern drama, and you might like to see the nearest thing to perfection of dramatic technique in American films. (A-II.)



FOR ADULTS • A 2

Fourteen Hours: Young man on skyscraper ledge, trying to decide whether or not to jump, and you there with him, looking down. Nerve-wracking.

Mr. Imperium: The only thing this has to offer is Ezio Pinza, but that is quite a lot, for any music lover.

Oliver Twist: An incredibly faithful version of Dickens' novel, with Alec Guinness as Fagin. If you like Dickens, this is your meat.

The River: Jean Renoir's version of the Rumer Godden novel about life in India. Filmed in India, with amateur actors; a lovely and fascinating picture.

FOR THE FAMILY • A 1

Alice in Wonderland: This is Disney's "Alice," not Carroll's, but it is, nonetheless, a fine piece of entertainment; the best Disney in recent years.

Captain Horatio Hornblower: Sailing ships, the tradition of the British Navy, broadsides, the Napoleonic Wars, and Gregory Peck as the Naval Superman. Very good blood-and-thunder.

The Emperor's Nightingale: Czech puppets doing Andersen's fairy tale. A beautiful job, with quiet English narration.

Mask of the Avenger: John Derek, playing one of those masked heroes with an ever-ready rapier; good standard swashbuckling.

Nature's Half Acre: A short subject by the Disney studios, showing insect, plant and bird life in color by interval photography; a beautiful piece of natural history come to life.

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THREE TO GET MARRIED. By the Most Reverend Fulton J. Sheen. Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., 35 West 32nd St., New York 1, N.Y. 310 pp. \$3.00.

By an odd coincidence, the very morning that I finished reading Bishop Sheen's "inspiring guide to Love and Marriage," I came across an advertisement for quite a different sort of book. The advertisement was one of those anonymously addressed to "Boxholder." It screamed in black and red letters that "The Time Has Arrived for Plain and Blunt Speaking on Sex!— Packed with Rare Real Life Color Pictures!" Although the book was selling "at all bookstores throughout the country" for \$5.00, I could, they confided, get the book for only \$2.98 plus postage—if I acted quickly.

Well, I burned the ad—quickly—but first I copied down some of the chapter headings. A comparison of merely the first, middle and final headings of the two books will highlight their radical difference in content and intent. Here's Chapter

THREE TO GET MARRIED

MOTHERS

ONE AND HOLY

JUDGMENT ON DELTCHEV

One of each book (you can guess which): "The Sex Organs of Man and Woman," and "The Differences between Sex and Love"; middle chapters: "Days of Highest Sexual Excitability in Women," and "Marriage and the Spirit"; and final chapters: "Sexual Sterility," and "Love Endureth Forever."

There it is. The world and the devil, if not our own flesh, are in cunning collaboration, aided and abetted by such persons as the dear neighbor who asks with condescending pity, "But do you *really* believe what your Church teaches? Don't you KNOW . . . ?"

Of course, being human, you do sometimes wonder, although you know deep down that the Church, dear Christ, is right and kind and merciful. But if you do sometimes wonder what to think about the problems of love and marriage, *Three to Get Married* is one of the books that will help you very much. It is a clear and loving answer to these problems, and it is written by a Christian philosopher and bishop

who knows God and loves Him deeply. It is, I believe, one of Bishop Sheen's very best books.

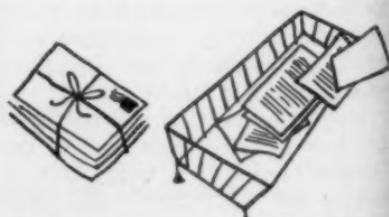
The book is not easy to read. But this is surely no adverse criticism. Christian marriage isn't easy, either, for the "best physical adjustments science can make possible will go for naught unless there is a spiritual adjustment which sacrifice alone makes possible." (p. 269) And these sacrifices are themselves impossible without that hope which, as Chesterton said, becomes a virtue when the situation becomes hopeless. If living in an occasion of sin is unavoidable, the way to avoid succumbing to sin is the habitual practice of heroic virtue. It is unfortunately true that in our day a dishearteningly large number of families are forced to live in many an occasion of sin. Every member of the family must, by heroic patience, fortitude and selfless—not merely unselfish—love, fight against the sin surrounding him. I need hardly point out what the occasions of sin are that almost every modern family finds itself surrounded by; they are the newspapers, the magazines, the movies, the radio, the whole unhealthy miasma of life today. Add to these evils the environments of economic insecurity or—perverse paradox—the comfortable trinity of nice home, nice car, nice job.

It would be unfair to demand that Bishop Sheen should include everything that affects the happiness of marriage, but still, I wish he would have traced more persuasively the sacramental ties that bind us to Christ and to each other in the sac-

ramental life of the Church. Of how the Church unceasingly brings Christ to bear fruit in us and through us in even the most bizarre and apparently insoluble circumstances. Yet in one sense this omission is made up for with an exquisite affirmation of the Christian love that ventures, endures and overcomes all things. For "no human being has a choice of whether he will go through life with or without suffering.... [and] the man without faith is no more immune from a cross than the man with faith. The difference is that the Christian has only one Cross, which is so understandable, while the egotist has two crosses, whose names are Rebellion and Suffering." (pp. 276, 280)

If you ever reluctantly started to read a book you felt you "didn't need," and then had to acknowledge you're glad you didn't put it aside, you'll find, as I did, that *Three to Get Married* will leave you with only one regret: how much richer your life might have been, if only you could have read this book even sooner!

Lorrie Nelson Douglas



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MOTHERS: A CATHOLIC TREASURY OF GREAT STORIES. Edited, with an Introduction, by Anne Freemantle. Stephen Daye Press, 105 East 24th St., New York 10, N.Y. 383 pp. \$3.75.

It's pretty hard to go wrong on an anthology. There is, after all, such a wealth of fine material to choose from, that it's a little difficult to understand why any anthology should contain even one story that is not particularly worth-while reading. The fact remains, nonetheless, that some editors do well, some not so well.

Mrs. Anne Freemantle, associate editor of *Commonweal*, has perhaps done somewhat better than most anthologists in selecting the eighteen stories and five poems that make up the present collection. The authors represented are by no means all Catholics, but the particular stories chosen fit pretty well into this "Catholic Treasury of Great Stories." Most of the stories are of superior quality, and all of them, oddly enough for an anthology, actually have a close connection with the basic theme of the book, expressed by Mrs. Freemantle in the Introduction: "How poignantly our mothers cherish us, and how fully we reciprocate, or fail to, is the subject of each one of the stories and poems in this collection."

If she also selected the eight plates which illustrate the book, we don't feel that she did quite so well. At any rate, somebody didn't. We have no quarrel with the four paintings of the Madonna and Child, except that four is too many, since the stories

themselves are not about the Blessed Virgin in that proportion. As far as the other four are concerned, we feel that a better selection could have been made. We were, in fact quite distressed, when, in turning from page thirty-one to page thirty-two, we came across a picture that looked like nothing so much as a praying mantis. A little reflection had almost convinced us that we were perhaps meant to give thought to the undoubted fact that even the praying mantis had a mother, when we noticed that the title of the picture was "Mother and Child," and the perpetrator thereof, Henry Moore. Our original impression remains, however.

Of the stories, the only one that didn't appeal to us is H. J. Heagney's "Madame Jeanne de Chantal." Father Heagney's too-sugary style ("This very holy director, this beloved father, made her think of a child at rest on its mother's bosom") is, we think, a little too much for modern readers.

All the others are exceptionally fine, so much so that it's somewhat difficult to single out any to recommend for superior merit. We cannot help thinking, though, that after years of reading the blarings of publishers to the effect that "this story will leave an impression on your heart that will never be erased," we have at last come across just such a story. We found the suicide of the boy Hughey, in Louise Imogen Guiney's "The Provider," terrifying when we read it; and it still comes back frequently, with a tremendous sadness, for there are such boys as

Hughey in the world, too many to be counted, who face the same impossible situation that he faced, and do it with the same complete immolation, whether that immolation takes the same form as Hughey's or not.

We can't recommend the book for younger readers. The perhaps too-graphic realism of Maxim Gorki's "Birth of a Man," and the generally depressive atmosphere of several of the stories are not for the immature. But for the adult, and particularly for the discriminating reader, our recommendation is whole-hearted.

Theophane Gonnely, O.S.B.

ONE AND HOLY. By Karl Adam. Translated by Cecily Hastings. Sheed & Ward, 830 Broadway, New York 3, N.Y. 130 pp. \$2.00.

This small work presents in book form a group of lectures which were delivered in 1947 to a large gathering of the *Una Sancta* movement at Stuttgart and Karlsruhe. Adam is an important Catholic theologian. The problem he here analyzes should be of great concern to all Christians. The lectures are a treatment of the problem of Christian unity. How are the groups of Christians which were violently torn apart by the Reformation to be united once more? With broad wisdom and deep charity Karl Adam traces the origin of this problem in the causes of the Protestant Reformation; then he points out the possibilities for reunion and finally advises both Catholics and Protestants about what to do to promote this reunion.

Despite its evident and self-imposed limitations, *One and Holy* is worth-while reading for all serious Christians and would be of special help to Catholics who live near Lutheran communities. The author is concerned in the book only with the possible reunion of Catholicism and Lutheranism, focusing his attention on the problem as it exists in Germany today. Though the book is thus limited, it is still of value to all nationalities and all times.

Of great interest is the historical picture Adam draws of the pre-Reformation Church and of Luther. There is no attempt made at whitewashing the human defects of the medieval Church. But, as the author says in the Foreword, these "darker aspects are relieved by so many bright lights that it is not possible to take a pessimistic view of [that period] as a whole."

Doctor Adam sees the possibility of the reunion of Lutheranism with Catholicism. Lutherans could gradually come to adopt Catholic dogma and yet feel that they are not acting contrary to the principles of Lutheranism. There are a few thorny obstacles to reunion between Lutheranism and Catholicism, but with charity and prudence on the part of Catholics and zeal for the *whole* truth on the part of Lutherans, such a reunion is entirely possible.

How in fact is such a reunion to be achieved? Karl Adam answers this question bluntly but truthfully: for the Catholic Church "there is only one true union, reunion with herself." This of course eliminates

all "primitive Church" and "branch" theories of reunion, for the Church that Christ established exists today, she is not waiting for a World Council of Churches to establish her. Consequently, all the separated churches should, and, please God, will return to their true home.

From a human point of view, such a corporate reunion in the near future is an impossibility. Perhaps God in His mercy will grant light to the Protestant groups, but, until such time, Karl Adam asks that Catholics and Lutherans alike observe these principles to promote the cause of reunion: 1) Take one's own belief seriously; 2) Give oneself unconditionally to Christ and His holy will; 3) Root out all prejudices in one's own soul.

One and Holy is a humble and charitable book, and it should do much to promote the reunion that the author hopes for.

Mark Toon, O.S.B.



JUDGMENT ON DELTCHEV. By Eric Ambler. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 501 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. 247 pp. \$3.00.

Foster had been sent to cover the Deltchev trial. He was not stupid; he simply possessed that naïveté of the Western mind which blunders unwittingly into a seething caldron

of Balkan intrigue and assassination, wanders ineffectively through several shattering hours as the focal point of conflicting parties, and emerges sane but very much shaken and chastened.

This particular naïve Englishman, caught in a maelstrom of murder and international politics, is, with slight alterations, the central figure of Mr. Ambler's spy thrillers.

This familiar "Ambler touch" has returned to the printed page. *Judgment on Deltchev*, Ambler's first book since 1940, brings back to the dim-lit side streets of international intrigue his familiar figure of the innocent bystander, who stumbles into the arms of very full-grown and ugly assassins, waltzes with death for a turn or two, and then gladly returns to his place among the wall-flowers.

Though *Judgment on Deltchev* is a variation on this recurring theme, it recaptures the fresh slant that is Ambler's contribution to the spy thriller. In the words of Howard Haycroft, "Ambler has streamlined the spy-and-intrigue story, replacing the stereotyped clichés and slinky females in black velvet with skillful plotwork and characterization and believable human beings."

Born in London in 1909, Eric Ambler has crowded into his 42 years enough activity to last most people a lifetime. An honor student in chemistry and engineering, a vaudeville comedian, press agent, idea man for an advertising agency, with service in the British army and collaboration with Carol Reed in the Brit-

ish army film service to his credit, Ambler would be prepared to do almost anything. But it is as a spinner of spine-shivering spy stories

that he has justly earned international recognition. And *Judgment on Deltchev* is one of his best.

Geoffrey Gaughan, O.S.B.

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DRAWINGS: Barnabas Harrington, O.S.B., 25; Peggy Hoffman 29, 30, 43; Sylvester Curtin, O.S.B. inside back cover.

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OUR BACK COVER THOUGHT

{ Be eager to honor one another for
the sake of brotherly love.

For our back cover thought we have chosen St. Paul's advice to the Romans which St. Benedict has used in his chapter "On Good Zeal."

St. Benedict saw in his day that the sign of a barbarian was his complete lack of reverence for others. And where there is no reverence, there can be no genuine love. For reverence fills us with a kind of awe for one another. It is the virtue which safeguards the love between friends and ennobles the passion between sweethearts, husband and wife, rescuing it from uninhibited famili-

arity and selfish brutality.

Christ insisted: "The mark by which all men will know you for my disciples will be the love you bear one another." And the fruit of that love will be Christlike reverence for the old and the young, for the crippled and the sick, and for all that is good, beautiful, and true. Nor is this virtue of reverence to be confused with mere politeness. It is not based on the etiquette of Emily Post, but on the deep faith which inspires us to see God in His creatures, Christ in our neighbor.



Roadside Vespers

While the sun went down in a sea of orange flame behind the Black Hills, twenty tired Boy Scouts loaded their gear on the pickup truck, and started back toward Sioux Falls.

Father Joyce trundled the ancient truck across a shallow creek bed and out through a ravine to the highway. His headlights were almost burned out, and he wanted to get as far east of Rapid City as he could while there was a bit of daylight. There was something else on his mind too...he hadn't said Vespers and Compline yet, and the day was waning.

Twenty miles east of Rapid City, he leaned forward and looked at his wrist watch. It was nine-thirty. He pulled over on the shoulder of the road and took his breviary from the glove compartment.

"Okay, fellows," he said to the youngsters in the back of the truck, "get out your rosaries. I have to finish my Office."

By the glare of the left front headlight he found the first Vespers for the Feast of Sts. Peter and Paul, and seated himself carefully on the front bumper. He had reached the end of the first psalm and was starting the second antiphon, "Silver and gold I have none...." when a Diesel ten-wheeler pulled alongside and the driver shouted at him, "Having trouble, neighbor?"

The priest looked up at the good Samaritan, while keeping a thumb in the breviary.

"No, nothing wrong," he shouted back.

The truck driver eyed him suspiciously. "What ya doin' then?"

"Just reading," volunteered the priest.

There was a grunt and a crashing of gears as the Diesel slowly moved away, but the priest smiled when he heard the driver's parting shout, "Must be a damned good book."

Be eager to

HONOR

**EACH OTHER
FOR THE SAKE OF
BROTHERLY LOVE**

RULE OF ST. BENEDICT

